

The Tech

VOLUME 92, NUMBER 17

TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1972

MIT, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FIVE CENTS



Demonstrators picketed the JFK building Friday afternoon as a protest against the continuation of the air war in Vietnam. The demonstration started at 4 pm and lasted till 5:20 when the protestors walked through downtown Boston to the State House where they occupied the gates and steps. After two Boston policemen appeared and pulled down a banner over the entrance gate, the crowd of about 150 rapidly dispersed.

Photo by David Teisenbaum

GM, Goodyear & Gulf targets of proxy fight

By Norman Sandler

MIT will soon be brought into the controversial issue of trans-national corporations and the role which they are entitled to play in the affairs of foreign nations, as the MIT Corporation is again faced with the annual assortment of proxy decisions in MIT's stockholdings.

Of primary concern to MIT's Advisory Committee on Shareholder Responsibility are activities of various US corporations in African nations, particularly those of Gulf Oil Company, General Motors Corporation, and Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

All of the above-mentioned corporations are cited by public-interest investment groups as contributing to the racial turmoil in the Republic of South Africa and Angola.

Proxy statements have been circulated to major stockholders of the corporations in question by two primary groups, the Church Project on United States Investments in Southern Africa and the Project on Corporate Responsibility, formed several years ago by consumer-advocate Ralph Nader. The Project on Corporate Responsibility was the catalyst for the "Campaign GM" proxy fight two years ago, dealing with product safety as opposed to employment practices and the alleged racist activities which this year's proxy fights will center on.

South Africa

The argument of the Church Project in the General Motors and Goodyear proxy statements concerns the standing controversy of the racial apartheid of the government of the Republic of South Africa. Asserting that the policies are racist in nature, many persons are calling for immediate

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MIT offers Cambridge sale of low-income housing

By Walter Middlebrook

In response to an invitation for proposals from the Cambridge Housing Authority (CHA), MIT has offered through the Northgate Community Corporation to sell the city a group of its buildings to use as additional public housing for low-income families.

The proposal to sell the 139 existing Cambridge dwelling units is another step in MIT's "A Housing Program in Cambridge" plan introduced in April, 1969. Total sale price of the units would be \$2,156,000, at an average price of \$15,500 each, money the CHA could acquire through federal funding.

In another proposal, MIT has offered to build an additional 16 townhouse family units (three bedrooms or more) for CHA "Turnkey" acquisition. Located on Erie Street in Cambridgeport and to be all new construction, MIT's proposal for those units was \$39,000 each.

The two proposals are part of MIT's effort to help ease the Cambridge housing shortage. In an effort to ease student demand for private housing, MIT's new Westgate II should be ready for occupancy this fall. Westgate II is also another part of the housing program for Cambridge.

According to Frederic Watriss, Associate Treasurer and Recording Secretary for the Institute, "the original CHA proposal was for 283 units of new housing, but as far as we know, no one met that proposal by the deadline set by CHA." (MIT's proposal of housing units would cost half or less of the cost of newly constructed public housing units.) Watriss' office and the Institute Real Estate Office are both hopeful about the acceptance of the MIT proposal al-

though no official word from Cambridge will come for quite some time.

Who goes where?

If MIT's proposal is accepted, the housing units will then be sold to the CHA, which will in turn make all units in the building available to families who are eligible for low-income family housing. The question that is raised now is what happens to the residents of these dwelling units, most of whom are personnel related to MIT?

Unless they are Leased Housing tenants already living in units leased by the Cambridge Housing Authority or unless they meet the Authority's requirements of eligibility for housing for low-income families, the present tenants would have to move. Tenants now on leases will be able to complete their present lease term and tenants-at-will will be given ample notice.

The Institute Real Estate Office pointed out that MIT would make the resources of their office available at an early date to assist all tenants who may need help in relocating.

When asked about the number of people that will be required to move Watriss notes that 1/3 of the MIT people in the units will normally "turn over (move out)," so the numbers won't be as large as they seem. Because most of the leases in the involved units will expire in

September and with Westgate II opening then, most tenants could make that switch. Herrey and Kamilewicz also noted that the rents of Westgate and Eastgate apartments are lower, on the average, than those of Northgate with Westgate II following the same pattern. The rents in Northgate range from about \$90 to \$150, while Westgate II will charge a flat fee of about \$105 per month, per man with utilities paid.

As for filling Westgate II, Antony Herrey, Director of the Institute Real Estate Office and Dexter J. Kamilewicz, Assistant Project Manager of that office, don't think that will be too big a problem. "It's pretty clear that most graduate students would like to move on or stay near the campus. Right now, Ashdown has a waiting list of well over 150." Because of the difference in the taxability of Westgate II, its low interest rates, and the availability of long term loans for Westgate II, Northgate residents and incoming graduate students should find Westgate II appealing.

When asked why MIT was doing this, Herrey pointed out that MIT would like to have the greatest numbers of its students housed on campus, and "we are doing it because, to be a responsible corporate citizen of Cambridge, you have to think about the community."

Cambridge Hotline - aids over the phone

By Bert Halstead

"You're going to have a baby?" ... "Well, I guess you're going to have to tell them." ... "You want a physician who practices acupuncture?" ... "Do you still love her?" ...

These are some snatches of conversation heard during a brief period on a typical night at the Cambridge Hotline.

The Hotline, which exists in a modest room in an old office building in Cambridge, was founded in June, 1970. It began as "a seven day-a-week, twenty-four hour telephone counseling, referral, and crisis intervention service" with no organizational structure to speak of. A month later, the first Director was appointed. He cut operating hours back from twenty-four to eight hours a day and helped form the Core Group, which now runs the Hotline. In August he had to resign, and his successor quit in October when it became apparent that he was not getting his job done. After that, the administration began to settle down, and a year later the Hotline was incorporated by the State of Massachusetts.

For the first year and a half of its existence, the Hotline had no stable source of funding, and in the words of its present Director, had to "beg, borrow, and steal" its furniture, supplies, lamps, radio, etc. During this time, it was even operating out of donated space, which was described as a "closet" whose

maximum capacity was about three people.

An \$11,500 grant from the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health now pays for the somewhat larger room the Hotline has moved into, but the concurrent expansion of Hotline operations means that the room is still too small for a general meeting of volunteers and core members. The grant did, however, enable the Hotline to expand its operations from eight to twelve hours a day. It has also made it possible to pay the core members a small salary for the time they put it, but this amounts to under \$1 per hour, except for the Director and Assistant Director, who get a little more.

The \$800 phone bill is paid by the Cambridge Model Cities program, and about \$1000 comes from private sources. The Director told this reporter that there are some headaches that accompany government funding. A minor one is the necessity to write up long reports in bureaucrat-ese, but more serious are the strings which are invariably attached to the money.

For example, the Hotline would like to acquire a van for emergency transportation of people with drug or other urgent problems, but there is a regulation that the money they get can only go for office space, salaries, some supplies, and certain other items. The van is

(Please turn to page 14)

Nomcomm to fill posts on Institute committees

As the end of the school year approaches, many seniors will be leaving their posts on student-faculty committees such as Discipline Committee, Committee on Academic Performance, Corporation Joint Advisory Committee, and many others. It would seem interesting at this point in time to take a closer look at the undergraduate Nominations Committee, the body which will be attempting to fill these vacancies in the next few weeks.

Its original purpose was to screen the many applicants for positions on 30 student-faculty committees and then present nominees to the General Assembly for approval. With very few exceptions, the GA approved all the nominations, and thus NomComm basically appointed people to these committee positions. One of the results of this practice was a not-too-surprising correlation between ex-members of the Nominations Committee and the members of much-sought-after positions on important committees.

Along with the dissolution of the GA and a general decreased interest in student politics, the Nominations Committee

withdrew from public view, and proceeded quietly to appoint people with little or no interference.

During this time Bob Longair became chairman of the committee. Through his term, Longair has made several changes, "in an attempt to make the Nominations Committee less of a political tool and more responsible in its actions," as he said. The most significant is the exclusion of any member of the Nominations Committee from appointment to another committee. Longair commented that, "This was an attempt at least to minimize the vested interests on the committee." Another of the criteria for membership will be previous service on a student-faculty committee. "It seems senseless to have people who have never been involved in these committees trying to determine who would be able to deal with situations within a given committee."

Hearings will be starting this Thursday with hearings for Nominations Committee itself, and continuing every Thursday, at 7:30 pm until all the committees are filled.

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NOTES

* All members of the MIT community are invited to submit nominations for the Karl Taylor Compton and William L. Stewart awards. Compton awards are given to students or student groups who have made lasting or sustained contributions to the quality of life at MIT, and Stewart awards are given for outstanding contributions to a particular activity or event. Nominations for either of the awards should be submitted to the Awards Selection Committee, c/o John C. Graves, Room 7-101, before April 20. They will be presented at the Awards Convocation on May 11.

* Course XII is having an Open House for Freshmen on Friday, April 14. Meet with faculty and present students to discuss careers and upperclass programs in Earth and Planetary Sciences including the new Environmental Earth Sciences Program. Refreshments and tour of facilities. Friday, April 14, in 54-915 from 3 to 4:30 pm.

* Applications for paid summer internships in law-related activities are available from the Undergrad Legal Services Project, and can be picked up in the Urban Action Office (W20-437), Pre-Professional Advising Office (10-186), Urban Studies Undergraduate Office (7-341) and the Schneider Information Center at Wellesley. Approximately 25 students will be chosen for the project, running for 12 weeks through the summer. Applications should be completed and returned to the Urban Action office no later than April 17th at 5 pm.

* If you can find your way to Lobdell, Wednesday, April 12 at 7:30 pm, you can lead tours on Open House Day. We are expecting thousands of visitors and will need the help of many members of the Institute community. Open House Committee will hold an orientation meeting for guides and other workers tomorrow at Lobdell.

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Baird urges abortion reform

By Chris Kenrick

"The greatest threat to our survival is not the Vietnam war, not civil right, nor drugs, but over-population," stated birth control and abortion advocate Bill Baird in a speech given Friday afternoon.

Baird addressed a largely sympathetic, largely female audience of about 250 in Kresge Auditorium.

Baird remarked that five years ago "to the day, hour, and minute," he had been arrested for crimes against chastity after displaying contraceptive devices and giving a can of vaginal foam to an unmarried Boston University student.

Upon Baird's appeal of the charge, the United States Supreme Court ruled the Massachusetts birth control law unconstitutional on March 22 of this year. It is now legal for single persons to use birth control in Massachusetts.

By legalizing birth control for unmarried persons, the Supreme Court ruling "also knocks out your laws against fornication," Baird said. In addition, the ruling, "sets the groundwork for the repeal of abortion laws," he added.

Baird cited examples of tragic self-induced abortions, 14-year-

old mothers, child battery, and infants born addicted to heroin in his plea for legalization of abortion. He stated that last week he had treated a 13-year-old Roxbury prostitute and a \$50-a-day heroin addict at the abortion clinic he runs in Hempstead, Long Island, New York.

Baird identified the Roman Catholic Church as the largest and only significant organized opposition to abortion. He accused Right to Life groups of simply serving as fronts for Catholic organizations.

"The Church, with its built-in chauvinism and anti-feminism,

has long been an oppressor in this community," Baird remarked. He then announced his plans for filing suit in Massachusetts and federal courts against the tax-exempt status of the Roman Catholic Church. The Church violates tax laws, he claimed, by lobbying against abortion law reform.

Baird also attacked the National Organization of Women and Planned Parenthood, claiming that they did not support him during his jail term and appeals. "We've all heard the slogan 'free Angela Davis' but no one ever said 'free Bill Baird'."

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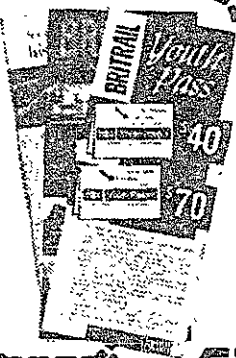
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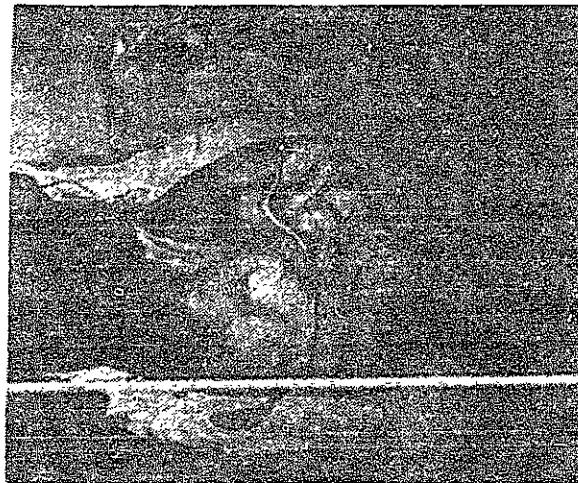
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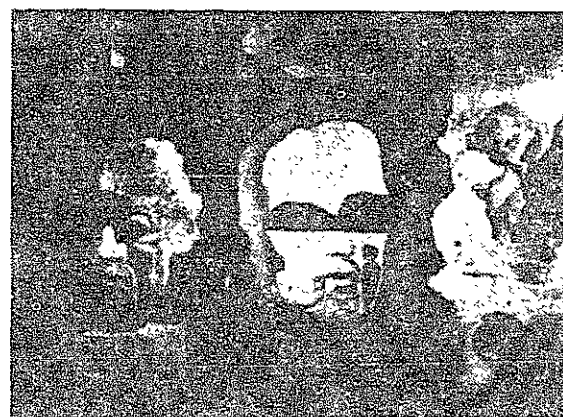
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Vol. XCII, No. 17 April 11, 1972

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Second-class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts. The Tech is published twice a week during the college year, except during college vacations, and once during the first week in August, by The Tech, Room W20-483, MIT Student Center, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139. Telephone: (617) 864-6900 ext. 2731 or 1541.

The Democrats: who's on top?

By Peter Peckarsky

Another primary campaign has been concluded and the Democrats have another front-runner. The contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination is better than any suspense thriller ever written — there's a surprise a week. First it was Muskie, then Wallace stole the spotlight, now McGovern, the next time around Harold Stassen will probably switch parties and win a primary without campaigning. Even, more astounding, Hubert Humphrey may finally win a primary on April 25 in Pennsylvania, thereby breaking his untarnished record of never having won a presidential primary during the course of his twelve year pursuit of the Holy Grail.

For the record, the results of the Wisconsin primary on April 4 were: South Dakota Senator George McGovern (30%), Alabama Governor George Wallace (22%), Minnesota Senator Hubert Humphrey (21%), Maine Senator Edmund Muskie (11%), Washington Senator Henry Jackson (8%), New York City Mayor John Lindsay (7%) — six other candidates collectively garnered a total of 1%.

In the Republican primary, President Nixon was a landslide winner with 97% followed by Rep. John Ashbrook and Rep. Paul McCloskey with 1% apiece. Significantly, the total Republican vote was on the order of 300,000 while one million votes were cast in the Democratic primary. Usually party strength is approximately equal in Wisconsin; this means that upwards of 300,000 Republicans crossed over to vote in the Democratic Primary. The chief beneficiary of this crossover was Wallace although McGovern, Jackson and Lindsay also benefited. The exact magnitude of the crossover and its apportionment among the candidates must await a detailed analysis of the election results. Preliminary studies indicated that Wallace grabbed the lion's share of the vote in the rich, conservative Republican suburbs north of Milwaukee — River Hills and Bayside.

The most astounding result of the Wisconsin voting was not the Republican crossover, which was expected, but McGovern's victory in the Fourth Congressional District on the South Side of Milwaukee. The district is primarily populated by blue-collar workers many of whom have strong ethnic ties. Prior to the election, many knowledgeable pundits played heavily on the supposed Muskie strength among the district's Roman Catholic Polish citizens. However, if the writers had paused to visit the district, they could have quickly learned that the number of people in the Fourth of Polish ancestry is only approximately 30,000 which is less than 10% of the District's population. This district, prior to the vote tally, was thought to be a toss-up between Muskie and Wallace. However, the McGovern legions swept into the District, canvassed and organized, and were evidently able to convince a plurality of the District's voters to opt for the South Dakotan. If Muskie's reception at the Society of Polish Americans on the night before the voting was any indication, the Maine Senator was probably favored by many of Polish ancestry, but the crowd was comprised primarily of youngsters too young to vote. Just before speaking at the SPA Hall, Muskie addressed a brewery workers' local meeting at Serb Hall which is one of the traditional South Side rallying points. When Muskie entered perhaps half of the brewery workers stood and applauded politely — very politely. The other half sat in stony silence as Muskie strode to the podium. The best reaction Muskie could elicit from the gathering was a few groans at several poor jokes. Earlier in the evening, Muskie's advance staff performed true to form and failed again. The advance men booked Muskie's party into the Polish Village restaurant for dinner without checking on the kitchen's capacity. As the evening developed, the dinner, which was allotted one hour from a crowded schedule, dragged on for better than two hours and thirty minutes. As a result, several stops between the dinner and Muskie's speech to the union meeting were unceremoniously dropped from the schedule. At one location, a Muskie advance man was booed as he departed after announcing that the Senator would not be making an appearance. Through a combination of poor advance work, unrealistic planning, smugness, and an over-reliance on top level political endorsements without concomitant precinct level organization, Muskie was unable to convert the large Roman Catholic and ethnic blocs into support at the ballot box.

Humphrey was able to win 13 delegates, compared to McGovern's 54, due to the overwhelming support of the black community on Milwaukee's Near North Side in the Fifth Congressional District and residual support in the Seventh Congressional District in western Wisconsin along the Mississippi River which forms the boundary between Wisconsin and Humphrey's home state of Minnesota.

As has been stated here before (Jan. 19, March 21, April 4), Wisconsin proved to be the last and most important of the early primaries. The results of the Badger State poll have caused a re-focusing of the campaign efforts of a number of the major candidates. Those results indicated that Humphrey had the almost complete support of the black community, that McGovern could compete with Wallace for the blue-collar vote, and that Muskie was spread too thin and in need of better organization if his campaign were not to die an untimely death between Wisconsin

and Miami Beach.

McGovern is in the process of restructuring his campaign to appeal more to blue-collar workers and blacks. His revised campaign schedule for Massachusetts features many stops in the mill towns and working class communities around the state and a de-emphasis on college campuses on the assumption that the collegians will vote for McGovern irrespective of whether or not he appears on the campuses. After the Wisconsin primary, Georgia State Representative Julian Bond announced his support for McGovern. If more prominent blacks can be enlisted by the McGovern forces, the Senator will be able to challenge Humphrey for the black vote. McGovern has decided to forego the Pennsylvania primary, which is on the same day as the Massachusetts primary — April 25. In the Quaker State, McGovern is pinning his hopes on winning a few delegates in areas where he has pockets of support. The Pennsylvania delegates will be elected on the basis of state senate districts which means that less support is needed to elect a slate of district delegates than if the delegates were running in Congressional districts.

Muskie's strategists and financiers have apparently decided to allow McGovern to capture Massachusetts' delegates by default and instead contest Humphrey in Pennsylvania. This decision was prompted by a lack of funds and candidate time to support full scale campaigns in both the Bay State and the Quaker State. This means that many prominent Massachusetts Democrats are up the river without a candidate, so to speak. Boston Mayor Kevin White and former state Representative Michael Dukakis among others endorsed Muskie very early in the year and are now faced with the prospect of not having a vote at the Democratic National Convention unless they can mobilize their organizations to turn out a vote for the Muskie slate in their districts. Muskie's problem at this point is a lack of grass roots support and an organization energetic enough to turn out the vote on election day. The pollsters and polls have long assumed that Muskie was the front runner; his support has come from prominent politicians and the emphasis of the campaign has been on gaining endorsements which are not easily translatable into votes. Muskie's support is a mile wide and an inch deep. If Muskie's campaign re-alignment does not bear fruit soon, he may be the next casualty of the campaign. In fact, some wags have already observed that Muskie is dead although it will be a long wake.

Humphrey is struggling to put together a coalition of blacks, Jews and labor. Yet the Hump has many problems. Foremost among these is probably the deep-seated feeling that Humphrey is a man whose time is past. He is trying to resurrect the old Democratic coalition, yet this coalition has probably been fragmented better than Humpty-Dumpty. Another reality Humphrey may have to confront is the apparent willingness of the rank-and-file union members to support McGovern. If McGovern wins more grass roots union support, the labor leaders will eventually recognize and accept this fact and swing their allegiance from Humphrey and Muskie to McGovern. On top of all of his other problems is Humphrey's service as Lyndon Johnson's Vice-President and his failure to disassociate himself from Johnson's war policies until well into the 1968 campaign. The prevailing attitude is that Humphrey is a man of the past, packaged in mod clothing, who is trying to be all things to all people.

At this point, it is entirely possible that no candidate will arrive at Miami with enough first ballot strength to capture the nomination on the first roll call. In that case, the large blocks of uncommitted delegates may be bartered by those who control these delegates and a brokered convention could be the denouement. It is possible that Muskie or Humphrey could capture the prize in this manner. It is equally obvious that if delegate support is fragmented among a number of candidates, the battle inside the Miami Beach Convention Hall will make the 1968 riot on the streets of Chicago look like child's play.

If McGovern is to win the nomination, he will have to demonstrate significant blue-collar support, prove his ability to defeat George Wallace head-on in a toe- (Please turn to page 13)

Letters to The Tech

To the Editor:

MIT-SDS seems pretty upset that the Administration refused to let them hold their convention here, and a long list of faculty members has demanded that space be provided. When MIT-SHL was denied use of the Student Center (which was just as much an act of "political repression against a legitimate campus organization"), neither MIT-SDS nor any of these faculty members supported our long and ultimately victorious struggle.

At the time (Fall, 1970) we tried to show that one of the issues involved was student control of the Student Center. When the Student Center Committee, the General Assembly, and all three student newspapers agree that a recognized student Activity ought to be granted use of the Student Center facilities, then that ought to be enough. There should be no need to ask the approval of the Administration. We asked that all student groups support this position, and that the Student Government override the administration vote, taking whatever actions were necessary to implement their decision.

MIT-SDS failed to respond to this request, either because they didn't see their position jeopardized by this action of the administration, or because they were immobilized by their own sexism, afraid of the threat to their male privilege that MIT-SHL and the women's groups on campus represent.

To the extent that MIT-SDS now sees their struggle as part of a much larger struggle, I wish them success. It took MIT-SHL more than two years to get space for our functions on campus. I trust that MIT-SDS, with the help of all those straight male faculty members, won't have to wait so long.

Stan Tillotson, '71

PS — By contrast, The Tech has been a great help. Thanks!

To the editor:

In reference to Ronald D. Rothchild's letter of April 4, 1972, we will not address ourselves to its slanderous portions. It is inappropriate to try to defend oneself against such epithets as "overweight," "pompous," "stupid," "incoherent," "mumbling astronomer-philosopher," "nitwit huckster." More important is the extreme irresponsibility of the editor of The Tech in publishing this kind of hate mail. We call this "yellow journalism."

Aside from the slander, there are two questions of fact raised by Rothchild to which we will reply. The first question is what went on at the UAG meeting of which he attended a part. There were enough people present at that meeting who know what went on that Rothchild cannot get away with distorting it. He says "I only know that I heard them vow to prevent Bronfenbrenner's speaking." This is a total distortion of the truth. At that meeting, several views on what should be done were presented. Normally it is fruitless to recount the various views and arguments presented at such an informal meeting, but, since Rothchild sees fit to misrepresent us, we are forced to be specific. One view that was

presented and argued for was that Bronfenbrenner be heard and that he be sharply questioned and publicly called upon to defend his published statements on "inferiority" of Black people, and his allusions to "social contagion" of Whites by Blacks. Another view put forth was that Professor Held, who had extended the invitation to Bronfenbrenner to speak at MIT, and was present at the meeting, should "disinvite" Bronfenbrenner. Pinson argued for both of these views — that Bronfenbrenner should have his say and be questioned, and that, better still, he be "disinvited." There were also people who thought that the best way of demonstrating their opposition to Bronfenbrenner's offensive and dangerous public statements was to shout him down. This opinion did not prevail at this meeting nor at the lecture. One thing that nearly everyone agreed on was that Bronfenbrenner's lecture be widely publicized, and that a large distribution of copies of his article (*Journal of Child Development*, February 1967) be made. This opinion was the prevailing one. The publicity caused hundreds of people to attend his lecture, and he was sharply questioned by the audience. Thus, Rothchild's letter completely distorted what happened at that meeting.

The second question of fact is whether there is any analogy between Nazi academic anti-semitism and current American academic racism. First of all, we must say that we find Rothchild's picture of German academic anti-semitism quite different from the one that emerges from such a thoroughly documented book as M. Weinreich's *Hitler's Professors* (New York, 1946). In any case, American racism against Blacks, and Nazi racism against Jews, Slavs, and others, while obviously different in some respects, are disquietingly similar in several ways. Bronfenbrenner's specific racist slurs, right down to their phraseology, are not without parallels in the Nazi literature. His characterization of Blacks as carriers of "social contagion" employs exactly the same vicious metaphor as the statement of Dr. Wolfgang Kahle in 1939 (Weinreich p. 76) that "the Eastern Jews act as carriers of [social] diseases."

The parallelism goes somewhat deeper. Consider what Dr. Herbert Morgen (*Zeitschrift fur Geopolitik* 17.139, quoted from Weinreich, p. 94) wrote about the ghettos to which the Nazis had restricted the Jews in Poland: "As an external sign of belonging to their tribe the Jews carry — dependent upon the directive of the Landrat — a yellow star of David or a yellow triangle or a yellow disk or something like it on their breasts and backs. The general impression one receives of this human mass is appalling. And one quickly arrives at the conclusion that one deals here with a completely degenerated, inferior part of human society." The gruesome and twisted logic by which this scholar interpreted the conditions of the ghetto as evidence for the supposed inferiority of the oppressed Jews recurs as a fundamental characteristic of diverse racist ideologies.

(Please turn to page 13)

The Tech Arts Section

ELP, Yes, and the Crimson King

The past two weeks have seen the best of English rock musicians venture through Boston and leave the city with a couple of memorable evenings of magnificent music. Leading off the last week of blustery March was a tremendous double bill at the Orpheum, of King Crimson and Yes; a mid-week spectacular last Wednesday featured Emerson, Lake and Palmer for two shows at the Music Hall.

After an incredibly long delay (which are becoming more and more commonplace at Don Law concerts, in particular) before the jammed house at the renovated theater off Tremont Street, the four-man conglomerate known as King Crimson came on stage led by Robert Fripp. Fripp has been the band's guiding force (with help from Peter Sinfield's words and visions) since its inception several years back. He is the only remaining playing group member, as general turnovers plus some rather severe thoughts on music and style have driven off many a musician. King Crimson now consists of Fripp on guitar, mellotron, and sundry keyboards; Ian Wallace as percussionist; Mel Collins handling all sorts of saxes and flutes, as well as second mellotron; and "Boz" as bassist/vocalist. Even this current set-up is not long for the musical world, as it has already broken up, only to reform to satisfy concert engagements. But the impending fracture didn't seem to have any effect of diverting the members from completion of their appointed tasks. Their jazz-colored rock was as precise as ever, their polyphonic dabbings as brilliant as on record, their music simply as excellent as always.

They launched into the shrieking, howling display of energy, highlighted by Collins' screaming sax licks, that marks the commencement of "Pictures of a City" from their second album, *In the Wake of Poseidon*. Ironically, only Fripp played a role in the creation of that album out of the present band; people like Greg Lake, Ian MacDonald, and Michael Giles have all moved on to assorted other pastures. While the core of King Crimson (i.e., the wind instruments, guitar, and keyboards) has remained relatively stable at a very highly developed stage, the basswork, drumming, and singing all pale to various degrees against the originals. But the excellence, as well as the dominance, of the former facets tend to maintain a superbly dynamic and flawless sound.

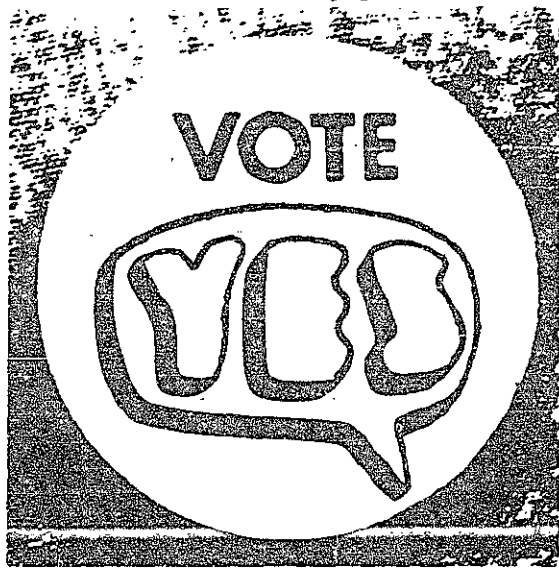
The band proceeded to sample bits and pieces from their other three discs - back into *Poseidon* for the beautiful, flute-accented "Cadence and Cascade," dipping into *Lizard* for "Cirkus," and taking "Formentera Lady" and "Sailor's Tale" from their latest, *Islands*; all of which was sandwiched and interwoven with masterful instrumentation. A tremendous encore, of "21st Century Schizoid Man" off their first, *In the Court of the Crimson King* ended the night's proceeding for King Crimson; the set was nothing short of scintillating, with Collins' heavily jazz-rooted work and Fripp's distinctive dissonant guitar blending with the tastiest of mellotron duets in a fine, fine effort. It's a shame that such a talented and expert group should remain in the shadows while the likes of the Moody Blues tastelessly cavort in and commercially pervert a similarly mellotron-based sound to unbounded adulation. All you Moodies freaks should pick up on just about anything by King Crimson to hear what some good music sounds like.

A massive, overly loud and distorted prerecorded symphonic crescendo brought Yes to the stage of the Orpheum in pitch blackness. The decay of the ending, a moment's pause, the opening guitarwork from "Roundabout" and the lights go on in a flash - Yes is there in full splendor. Diminutive singer Jon Anderson is way up there in a range above just about any other male vocalist; Steve Howe stands rigidly dazzling to the

left in gold lame tank top and boldly patterned pants, with a polished guitar shiningly hanging from about his neck and shoulders; Bill Bruford is coolly implanted behind his standard drum set; newest Yes man Rick Wakeman sits trapped by a maze of grand piano, mellotron, organ, electric piano, and synthesizer, looking like a masculine Joni Mitchell with his long, straight flaxen locks, and resplendent in more lame and American flag sneakers. But the visual center of the show is slightly to the right, between Anderson and Wakeman, gargantuan bass player Chris Squire. He easily dwarfs the petite vocalist, and sartorially outshines the whole band. Clad in white, wearing mid-thigh, suedeed flycasser's boots, he leaps and dances about the stage, like his bass runs flashing through the Orpheum's heat and smoke. Squire is the showman and the musical focus of a group that is replete with the cream of English musicians.

Wakeman, for the longest time, languished in a decidedly non-flashy band, the Strawbs, before replacing Tony Kaye as keyboardist; even so, he was considered as right there with Keith Emerson

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The Carey Treatment: poor prescription

Peter Carey, M.D. - tough, dedicated, and all that. A new, rebel physician. Fortunately for his friend, Dr. David Dow, but unfortunately for the patients (he never does any work), he cannot let an innocent man die wrongly accused. Unfortunately for us all, it's the movie that needs doctoring more than Dr. Dow or the patients.

James Coburn delivers another mindlessly sloppy performance as "today's good guy" Dr. Carey. Supposedly he has come from California to Boston to a new hospital job, makes new friends, new lover (Jennifer O'Neill), and winds up super-sleuthing his way through an abortion case. I say *supposedly* because injudicious editing has turned the first portion of this movie into a rat's nest, and just how everything works out is anybody's guess. Director Blake Edwards might know, especially since he's suing MGM for destroying his motion picture. Proper editing wouldn't save this bomb, though. At least now it keeps you guessing. If the film actually developed all the relationships that spring forth it would become downright boring.

Perhaps, also, I was transfixed by the beauty and poignancy of *Summer of '42*, but I left that film with the impression that Jennifer O'Neill could act. Another illusion shattered. She reads lines like any fashion model might read them. Edwards plays it smart by just letting us look at her most of the time. Coburn supplies no relief in that area, either, and none of the supporting cast are exposed enough to tie over from one credible performance to another.

Boston location shots are insufficient redemption even for a Bostoner, though there is admittedly a certain amount of exhilaration in saying to oneself, "I know where that is."

More than poor workmanship, though, *The Carey Treatment* seems to me to represent a new genre which makes it particularly unsavory. Anyone could see it coming, but this show, I think, marks the advent of violence as a staple

Hollywood exploitation item. *The Carey Treatment* typifies the new patently violent movie (we all know violence itself is not new to Hollywood): blood for the sake of blood, violence in proliferation *ad nauseum*. Probably all that need be said is that after years of watching Elmer Fudd blow Bugs Bunny's head off, *The Carey Treatment* seems just plain boring. It's not even *funny*! Are we supposed to feel a tingle when that car runs down a phone booth - with Coburn inside? Not so. How about the token wild car scene? Same old story.

Hollywood is lost - we know it, they know it. They're trying desperately to find a new niche in the American audience's eye. First came *The Graduate*. It was a huge success, and so then we got a hundred movies just like - you guessed it - *The Graduate*. Then came *Easy Rider*. Cue 100 *Easy Riders*. Then *Love Story*. Then... well, it's all history. But now, riding in the wake of the *Dirty Harry*/*Clockwork Orange* genre, I'm afraid we're going to see a rather nauseating spate of ultra-violence, until Hollywood realizes that *that's* not the answer either.

It doesn't take a genius to see that the moviegoing public isn't to be taken in by clichéd motion pics any longer. The day of the formula film is long past. They look, essentially, for fresh, vital material portrayed in a manner which is not merely a copy of yesterday's hit. *The Carey Treatment* insults our intelligence by asking us to ruminate over an already gutted area. And by charging money to see what we've seen a million times before. It is *we* who should be suing MGM. At the *Cheri*.

Alan Razak

Guns & Butter will churn you on

"I think it means something like you can have either guns or butter but not both," Sharnie said, trying to explain something she herself obviously didn't quite understand. "Yeah, I responded, but who said it originally? Where's it from?" She answered with a shrug, no doubt wondering why I didn't know what "Guns and Butter" meant, since I was the one there to write an article on the performance that night, not her. The scene is Lennie's On-the-Turnpike (now located at the Village Green, on Route One in Danvers). And the band is, as you've probably already guessed, called Guns & Butter, a 6-man ensemble, perhaps one of the most inventive, fresh new bands in the country today. Certainly there hasn't been a band from the Boston area in recent times with as much potential for success, both commercial and artistic. Seldom do young musicians come along with the talent, the temperament, and the professionalism necessary to create something genuinely original, something that you may never have been able to hear before. But that's G&B in a nutshell.

The whole thing began, as most things do, many moons ago. Jeff Lyons (singer),

Paul Cohen (guitar), Pete Cohen (bass), and Peter Tucker (drums) had been more or less together, in various Marblehead area bands, since their early teens. They started out as so many other groups do, copying songs and arrangements from name groups. "In those years," says Jeff, "it was a typical group, playing schlock rock - whatever happened to be popular at the time." The creative spark, the incentive to expand their musical horizons came when they met up with Richard Ploss, then a full-scholarship freshman at Berklee College of Music. Rich had been a classmate (along with, coincidentally enough, this reviewer) of Tucker's at Danvers High, where he was considered by everyone as Mr. Music, a razzle-dazzle composer and arranger, who could blow a mean sax, and flute, not to mention clarinet. Out of the fusion ehurned Guns & Butter, a catseye among aggies, blinking in astonishment across the face of time. What I mean is, fickle fandom didn't take immediately to the band's new directions, preferring "I'm a Man" to progressive sax noodling. But like the man said, it's darkest just before the storm (or something), the storm being in the person of one Lenny Federer, a classically-trained, classically-disenchanted Lithuanian-born violinist. He met G&B at Stonehenge in Ipswich, and the band somewhat reluctantly agreed to let him jam with them during a practice session. From there, things shifted into over-drive; it was the chemistry they had needed, and their music began to jell.

Which brings us back to Lennie's. Guns & Butters' recent successful engagement there, which ended Easter Sunday, was a homecoming of sorts, for it was Lennie Sogoloff who gave the band its first big break, allowing them to play second bill to the James Cotton Blues Band one winter night in early 1971. Later they came back as the feature attraction. Then came more concerts and college dates, followed by an audition for Marshall Chess, manager of the Rolling Stones, and a recording contract with Atlantic Records last summer.

I went to the Thursday nite show and, as usual, the band was incredible. Sharnie and I sat transfixed by the ferocious beauty and blinding precision of what was happening on the cramped, dimly lit stage before us. Yeah, but what do they sound like? you ask. I'm afraid I stand in agreement with G&B's manager, Loyd Grossman, on that point: they don't sound like anyone. Really. Granted that "X sounds like Y" is an efficient, if sometimes over-simplified, way to convey to your friends a feeling for a band's music, but in the case of Guns & Butter, any direct comparison would be misleading. For instance, I heard hints of Jethro Tull, Seatrain, The Mothers, Bach, maybe even a smidgeon of Bonzo Dog. But that's not good enough. You've got to hear them for yourself. Their compositions are strikingly original, combining elements of classical music, jazz, and blues, with solid rock underpinning. And they don't settle for simplicity. Their performances aren't 40-minute jams

(Continued on page 6)



Guns & Butter

Cinema

The Concert for Bangla Desh on film

The latest phase of the Bangla Desh Concert to surface is the film version of that evening last August. Though billed as even more exciting than the actual event, it falls way short of that goal, not even coming to a residual level that seeing *Woodstock* for the third time generates. What it amounts to is the previously released album put on film, and a pretty poor film at that.

The film version of *The Concert for Bangla Desh* starts with the only non-phonographically recorded bits of rehearsals, press conferences, and people like Phil Spector and performers Harrison, Starr, and Russell backstage. The opening segment featuring Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Khan is very nearly the high-point of the movie, as their intermingling, alternating sitar and sarod work is magnificent. Shankar is also the unsung hero of the whole Bangla Desh enterprise, as it was he who came to George Harrison "with sadness in his eyes" and convinced him to undertake the project.

Then the heavies come on — Harrison, Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton, Leon Russell, Billie Preston, Jesse Davis, Klaus Voorman, Don Nix, Claudia Lanier, and scores of others. They go through everything that's on the album, nothing new, with the sound being much poorer than on vinyl. At times, Harrison's guitar vanishes completely, vocals fade away or sound terribly weak, and painfully shrill applause shrieks out of the sound system. The whole effect is one of monotony and boredom, with any semblance of realism or the "you-are-there" feeling being ruined by the unnatural sound and the exceedingly grainy photography (due to the film having been blown up from 16mm to 70mm). Even the excitement peak of *The Concert for Bangla Desh*, the short set by Bob Dylan, is mishandled. Instead of watching the man walk on stage as anyone in the audience would have been doing, we are shown remarkably bland audience reactions (that seem almost to have been shot at a different time). The photography is exceptionally



bad, as the camera moves in and out of focus at several occasions, and "Mr. Tambourine Man" is left out completely. Dylan leaves, the concert finishes up with "Something" and then "Bangla Desh," and, well, you leave as though you've listened to a pretty rough version of the album.

The movie has its high points during the Shankar-Khan set, Clapton and Harrison trade some fluent guitar runs on "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," and Ringo's "It Don't Come Easy" is the sentimental favorite of the crowd. But overall the film is vastly inferior to the album, possibly because it is all anticlimactic by now. It's just too bad the cause of the Bangla Desh refugees couldn't have been aided by a good film to go along with the record; instead, the disc version of *The Concert for Bangla Desh* remains the only valid artistic effort yet released. At the Charles Cinema.

Neal Vitale

MGM gives the public the shaft

MGM's recently-released *Shaft* cost \$500,000 to make, and grossed thirteen million. Through this extremely vocal response, (money talks loudly in Hollywood) MGM realized that they had uncovered a lucrative new market, and immediately rushed *Cool Breeze* into production. Sadly, this latest release is far below the quality standard established in *Shaft*, and in consequence is impossible to recommend. The story line is thin,

but adequate. The plot involves a proposed theft of three million dollars worth of diamonds by a black master-criminal. He is, of course, doomed to success, evident throughout the movie, thereby removing the suspense that is integral to a good cops'n'robbers thriller. The story is characterized by a lack of strong individual roles, which is further offset by an annoying series of discontinuities during their introduction and development; they totally destroy any absorption of the audience into the flow of the story. On top of this, there are a number of incidents which seem to happen without any explanation or obvious relation to the film. This results in a number of unexplained loose ends at the conclusion of the picture, and this is certainly no credit to a "suspense" film.

Raymond St. Jacques is given star billing, in the role of Mercer, a supposedly wealthy financier who in actuality has made a string of bad investments, leaving him in need of money. He accepts a proposal to finance and fence the diamond theft, planning to double-cross his accomplices after the theft is completed. This appeared to be grounds for an interesting story-within-a-story, but it is never developed and in fact is ignored as a viable possibility for saving the film.

The interesting question, however, is "Why was this film released in this condition?" There is no obvious excuse. Technically, the production is adequate; artistically, it is a travesty. Any pretenses of acting performances are negated by a script which is so overfull of 'hip' phrases and dated slang that actors winced visibly in some scenes. The few funny incidents are coarse in nature, and hardly complimentary or representative of black life and humor. It appears that the only answer to the above question is that MGM saw the possibility that they could capitalize on the publicity and acclaim given *Shaft* and produced *Cool Breeze* as quickly and economically as possible.

Is this any way to run a studio? At the Music Hall.

Nathan G. Parks

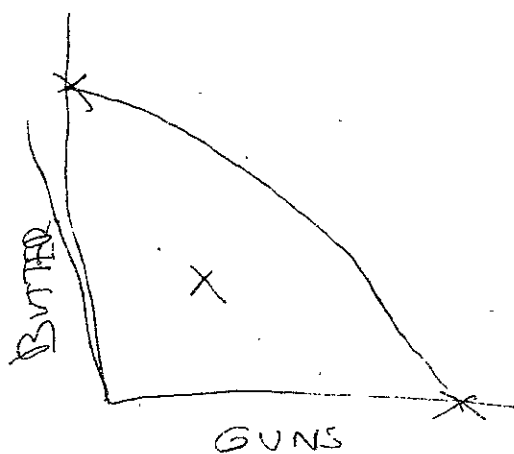
Music

(Continued from page 5)

based on some antediluvian blues progression, but are richly structured, subtly arranged pieces of music. They are perhaps one of the tightest, best rehearsed bands I have seen, scurrying through intricate jazz riffs and baroque mazes with ease.

On stage, the stars are Ploss, a truly exceptional reed man, and Federer, whose frantic fiddling can conjure a 16th century drawing room or crazed camels dancing in the midnight moonlight while the rest of the caravan is asleep. Drummer Tucker, looking more like he belongs with Black Oak Arkansas, isn't the automaton so many latter-day drummers are, but really plays his kit, coaxing interesting rhythms while still filling in the beat. Good as their original stuff is, two non-originals they played Thursday night deserve special mention: a brilliant re-making of Donovan's old chestnut "Season of the Witch," the closest G&B got to a "jam" all evening, featuring a violin-guitar duel between Federer and Paul Cohen which got a well-deserved ovation; I hadn't clapped so hard, and meant it, since the last time the Dead were in town. And, to show they can also bop with the best of them, the band's second set included a rave-up, break-neck rendition of "I Saw Her Standing There," complete with a false finish and other ShaNaNaesque carryings-on. When Guns & Butter get out on stage, you never know what to expect. And you get it.

Remember I mentioned a recording contract a while back? Well, *Guns & Butter* has just been released, and, I'm sorry to say, I'm a shade disappointed, for it fails to capture the energy and excitement that is Guns & Butter live. The album is prettier; Federer's violin fades into the background, instead of leaping out and grabbing you by your ear-bones. The music is great. All originals, they include some of the most sophisticated, listenable tunes in a long while. But the feeling of controlled madness which is a part of their live show hasn't been captured in the vinyl grooves.



Some folks say that the really good live bands (The Dead, Allman Brothers, et. al.) can't be duplicated on record, and I tend to agree. Nevertheless, this debut album is hands above yer standard debut album; among my favorite cuts are a baroque ballad called "The Wanderer," with fine vocal workout by Jeff Lyons, one of the few songs on which Federer is turned loose; the bouncy, top 40 "Look at the Day," and Ploss' jazz-oriented "Lady Grey," co-penned by Steve Blomreth, Danvers' premiere freak.

So what have we got? Professional, knowledgeable young musicians. Talented, innovative composers. Poised and well seasoned performers. The masterful fusion of rock, classical, jazz, and what-have-you into their music. A band of the future. Which is where we're all headed anyway, right? So make it easy on yourself and take along a package of Guns & Butter. Available at fine record shops everywhere (even at some of the crummy ones).

Mark Astolfi

Country — from Wills & Duncan to Little Feat

Country music, known sometimes as the white man's blues, formerly had a limited audience, most of which was located in the South and in rural areas. Lately, the mainstream of rock and roll has been brought closer to it by people like Bob Dylan, the Byrds and others, and its popularity has increased tremendously. Now most cities have at least one exclusively country-western radio station and people like Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell have been nationally popular television stars. The music itself is molded somewhat by the orientation of the particular performers, but certain instrumental touches and the rural touch to the lyrics are what brands it. Several new records in different areas of the field have been released, each good in its own right.

At one end of the spectrum is Mike Seeger, who has just released a solo album, *Music From True Vine* (Mercury), which consists mostly of traditional country tunes. Seeger presents these songs in an authentic setting, usually accompanying himself on guitar, banjo, fiddle, dulcimer, autoharp or jew's harp. Many of the songs are silly things but they are performed with great gusto and warmth. He obviously has a solid identification with this material and he glides through it with ease. His performances on the autoharp and jew's harp are a real treat. This album can't fail to bring you a smile.

Doc Watson's latest record, *Elementary Doctor Watson* (Poppy) is another in a long line of discs by him (all his previous work is on Vanguard). He is one of the most consistent performers around; his guitar work and that of his son Merle are virtually unmatched in overall excellence, but especially in smoothness. Doc and son have an amazingly clean and relaxed sound, completely unaffected by the flashy clamoring of others. This straightforwardness is due to Doc's unending devotion to his music. The music's tradition is his tradition and so he retains a complete and thorough feeling for the songs he plays, many of which he can trace back through several generations. If you've ever seen him live, he'll usually tell you the source of the numbers he does and you can feel the enjoyment he gets from playing them. This is noticeable even on his records and the lightness of the performance pervades all the way through. Doc does great versions of "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad," "The Last Thing on My Mind," and the standard "Summertime." These are the highlights, but the record is strong throughout and really is a pleasure to hear. Doc and Merle are assisted by various Nashville musicians, but they are

obviously in charge. A very, very fine record.

Bob Wills is universally credited as the man who put the swing into country music. As demonstrated superbly on *Bob Wills & Tommy Duncan* (United Artists Legendary Masters Series), his music was the highly successful combination of good country music with the big band sound that was so popular during the thirties and forties. His band features saxophone and clarinet right alongside of pedal steel guitar and Wills' fiddle; the music is as unmistakably country as it is swing. Wills often remarked that he wouldn't play anything that people couldn't dance to. Another feature is the voice of Wills punctuating the strong vocals of Tommy Duncan with frequent comments and his trademark sound, "Ahhh!" The union of the styles accents the best of both, the simplicity of the country and the jazz-styled solos by any one of a handful of different instruments. This collection is very well rounded and bounces along briskly. You can detect Wills' high standards for his players from the imaginative solos and backups the instruments provide. All in all, the marriage of the two traditions has not been equalled and this record stands as a document to the writing and arranging talents of Wills and Duncan, as well as to the musicianship of their band, the Texas Playboys.

Beginning with groups like Buffalo Springfield and the Byrds, there has been a plethora of groups which play what is called "country-rock" music. They are usually somewhat lighter in mood and volume than blues bands or loud groups of the Who-Led Zeppelin-Jefferson Airplane genre. Many have had widespread success with this sound, like the Band, the Grateful Dead, and Poco. But, some of the lesser known outfits are good, too.

Mike Nesmith was a country musician even when he was with the Monkees. His songs for that ultimate "pop" group were strongly countrified ("Pope Gene's Blues," "You Just May Be the One") and were among the best of their material (the Monkees' strongest points were always the material and the production — Nesmith produced his own songs then, too). He has also been the only one of the four Monkees talented enough to continue with any sort of popularity. His First National Band had three albums which, while largely undistinguished, were considered respectable. *Tantamount to Treason* (RCA), with the Second National Band comes out as a stronger record on the whole than any of these. Although there are several rockers on the album, the basic sound is much softer and on songs like "She Thinks I Still Care" and especially on "You Are My One," a hypnotic piece, Nesmith creates a silky atmosphere for his group to float through. And with Red Rhodes on pedal steel and Michael Cohen on keyboards, the Second National Band do a praise-worthy job. It drags in a couple of places, but it stands up mostly as a good work. If you hadn't thought of taking Mike Nesmith seriously, it's high time you did. He's a musician, writer and producer worthy of your attention.

There are a few bands which appeal strictly to a rock audience producing contemporary country blues. Such groups as the Band base their lyrical themes on the past. Others like Poco are more into good-timey music. But a band named Little Feat has captured the themes of desolation and raunchiness, and still maintains contemporary lyrics. Their arrangements have a real punch but their forte is Lowell George's lyrics. As an example, take "Willin'," a truck driving song: "Driven every kind of rig that's ever been made/ Drivin' the back roads so I wouldn't get weighed/ And if you give me weed, whites and wine/ And show me a sign and I'll be Willin'." They have two albums out, *Little Feat* and their newest, *Sailin' Shoes* (Warner Brothers), both of which are so funky they just about reek. On the first one, Ry Cooder helped out with some bottleneck guitar, but this time George handles it well himself. You might call it blues but it retains just enough of a country feel to distinguish them from all the millions of white blues groups.

All of these albums have something in common, but as you can see, they are quite diverse. There should be something among them for almost anybody's tastes, even if you didn't think you liked country music.

Jay Pollack

Music

(Continued from page 5)

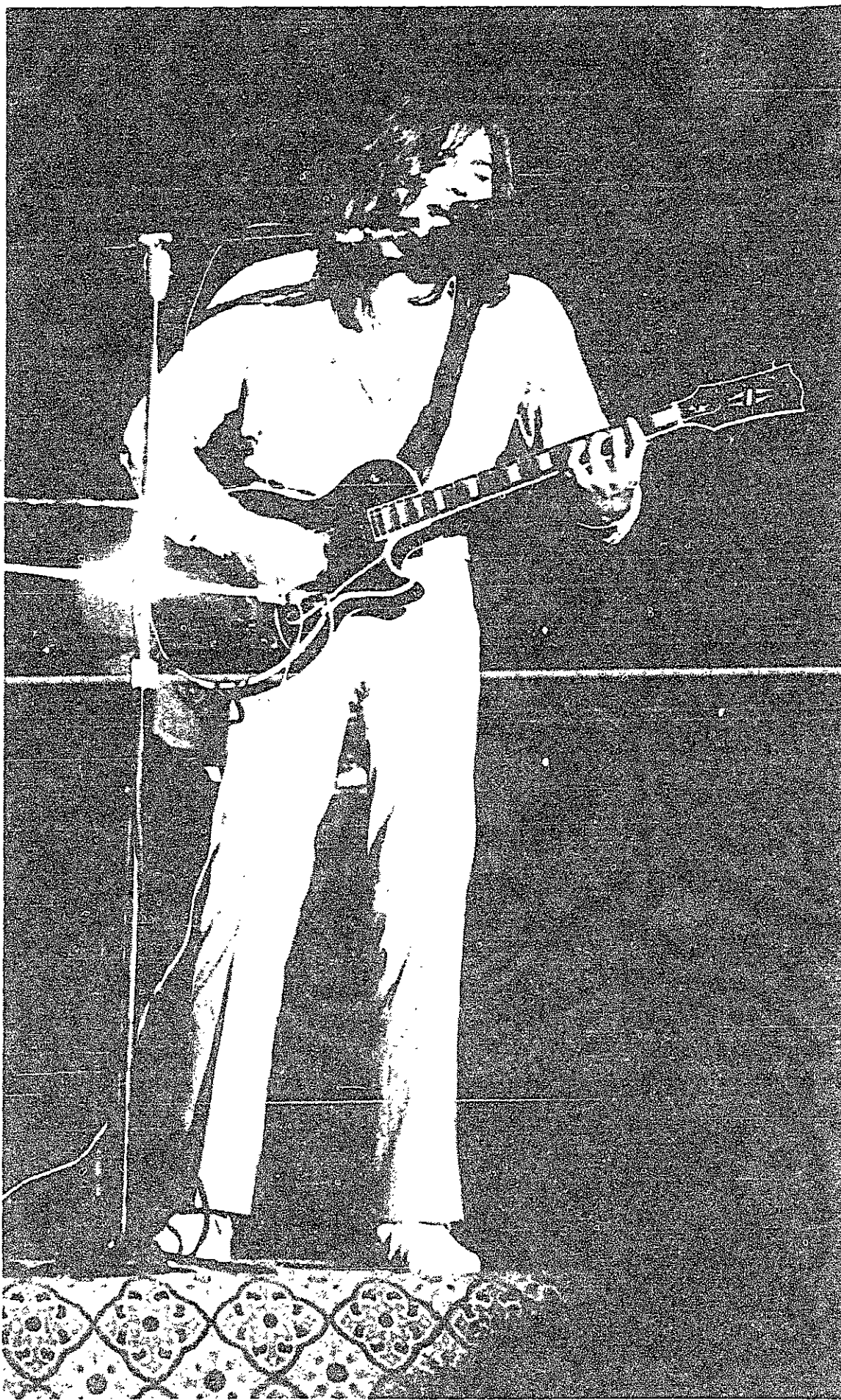
is the best. Yes has brought out what is so fantastic about his playing; there is an incredible ease with which he works through intricate run after intricate run, ending a sizzling cascade of notes off with nary a trace of anything more than an aloof and perfunctory nature. Compared with Emerson, it becomes clearer that Wakeman is the more experimental, the more daring. Both are masters, but while Emerson is content with playing riffs and themes, reworking old bits and pieces, Wakeman is delving into new areas and adapting symphonic pieces for keyboards. Howe brings another dimension and texture to the sound; he is perhaps the first guitarist I've ever seen to play a complete electric rock concert without using a solid-bodied guitar. Although he confesses to owning a Danlectro or three; live, he deftly switches from acoustic to hollow-bodied electric, maintaining a distinctive style of chiming in with precious few bits of lead work, and then blending back to the dense pattern of sound. Drummer Bruford plays the closest thing to ad percussion in the business. In the classic, Charlie Watts school of 4 beat drumming, Bruford's is an unpleasant, reign, "Chinese" style that just becomes such a refreshing change from the usual strangling banality. Mr. Anderson, once described as "the only eunuch in rock," soars and glides with his high voice about the theater, with harmonies courtesy Messrs. Howe and Squire. And under it all, and through and above is his Squire bass. Bolstered by foot pedals and assorted electronics, he processes sounds more like a lead guitar in bits; elsewhere, he is whole band in one. Which brings us full circle, and we have Yes.

The band works in what would have been called symphonic rock (although implying orchestral back-up), with a fantastic drama, excitement, and once worked into each piece. "Roundabout" is simply a masterpiece: rising and falling levels of sound, interweaving melodies and textures, so full and thick a range of goings-on. "Heart of the Sunrise" is likewise letter perfect, culling the best rock music has to offer. These tunes, plus "South Side of the Sky," combine to make Yes' latest disc, *Fragile*, easily the best album so far released this year - just a beautiful record. The three pieces, weaving, wandering numbers are so overwhelming in scope in the realm of music, so replete with excellent music, as to reveal over the group's one weakness - could have to be called immaturity or lack of discretion. It isn't clear why the technicians of the capability of those in the band have to stoop to presenting "individual ideas, personally arranged and mixed by the five members of the band" as they do on *Fragile*, or to the heavy stereo effects and mixing of *The Album*. None of these attempts is through on record as well as the live tunes, and in concert, though aided by live environs, they are still glaring weak. Luckily, Yes is a strong enough band musically to carry those attempts out letting them fall to nothing, and the excellence of the selections from *Yes*, done fairly rigidly, and *The Yes*

Album, played with a bit more looseness and improvisation, more than compensates for the lapses in judgement. Yes is a fantastic group on record, and at the Orpheum on their last evening in America, even better live. The group soars and dances, painting lyric images of tonal color with all sorts of subtly running undertones. Instrumental lines snake out to an intangible goal and explore the territory before falling into perfect place, and forming the most beautiful of masterworks. Ah Yes, one of the best.

Nine days, and the trio of England's penultimate rock bands is completed by a trio in itself - Keith Emerson, Greg Lake, and Carl Palmer. They were returning to Boston after a single sell-out engagement late last year, and, for one who wanted to hear a new set, last Wednesday's started out ominously similar to the previous time.

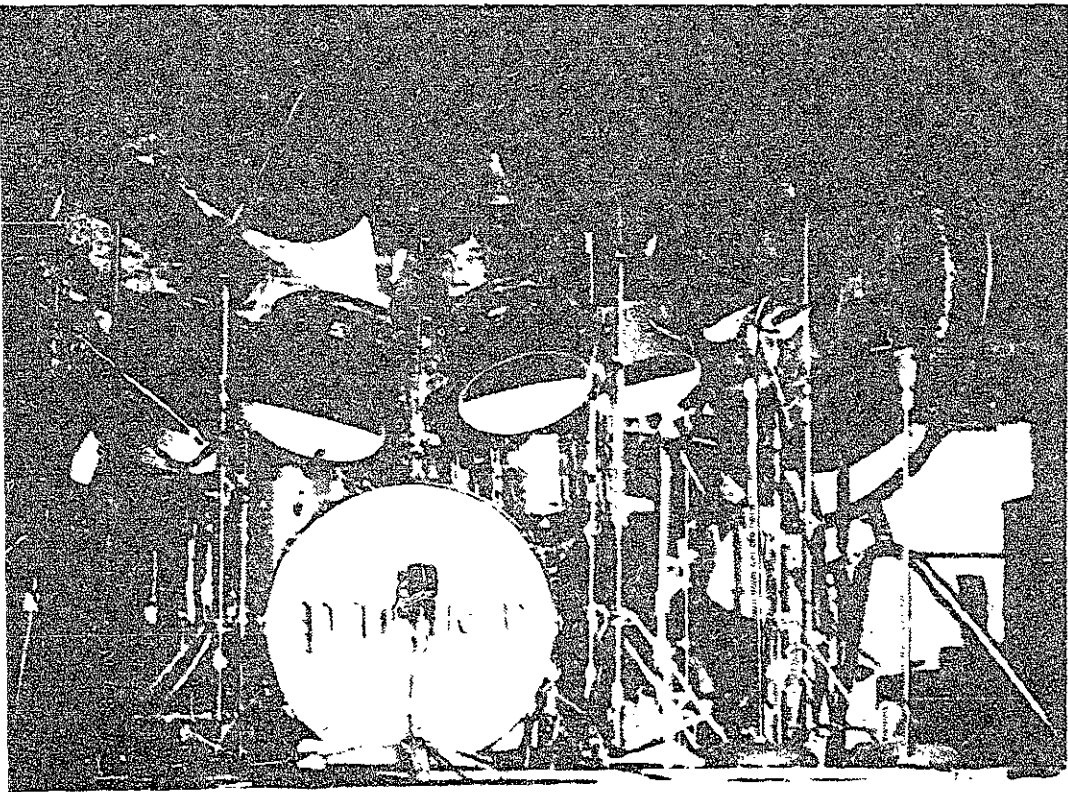
First, they played through a song called "Hoe Down" from their upcoming album of country 'n' western, working in bits of "Turkey in the Straw" and "Old McDonald," shifting from the originals



ly bringing it all out into a jazz number as Lake and Palmer returned. Then it was Lake's turn to go it alone as he took up acoustic guitar to do the break in the middle, only to pull the surprise of the night, and go into "Lucky Man." Palmer followed in, and Emerson picked up the tail-end with a gurgling synthesizer. The second set would here see the insertion of another new number, "Balona's Bolero," done to the classic Spanish rhythm and to a pre-taped synthesizer backing (since the moog can only make single tones, not chords), with overlaid live organ and further synthesizer flashiness. ELP then went back to their formative days to do the second half of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," the piece which they did when first starting the group. The set ended with Emerson's usual theatrics, spinning the organ around once or twice, doing a little duet with it as he answered each note or chord with a gesture or movement. Some semblance of order restored the fitting climax, only to be followed by the "Nutcracker," a filip of Tchaikovsky done on clavinet which progressed into a rendering of Dave Brubeck's "Blue Rondo a la Turk," an exercise in 9/8 tempo that moved into Palmer's primeval outlet of a drum solo and then into more of Emerson's showmanship. The knives came out of the boots to stab and fracture the organ keys, he lay beneath it, still playing away, then leaped onto the keyboard, to play with his feet. The piece reformed into the original "Rondo," and then it was over.

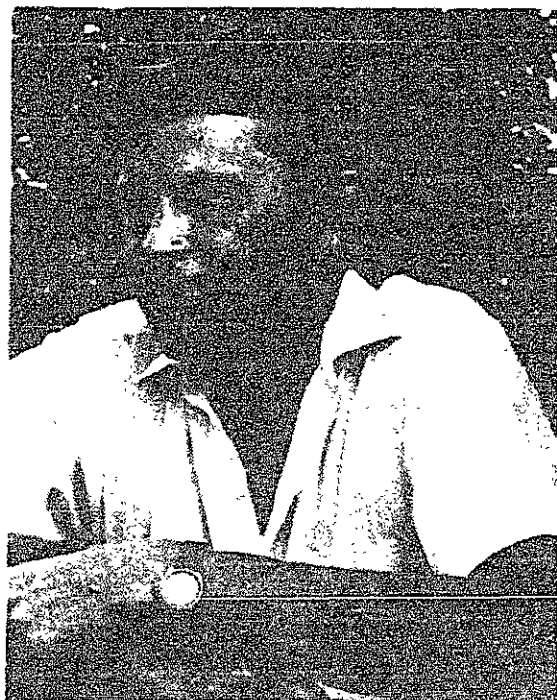
Emerson was his usual masterful self on keyboards all evening, but, after seeing Rick Wakeman, the differences between the two became manifest. Emerson is much more concerned about showmanship in the live context, and so spends much of his time doing gymnastics and kind of "cutie" things. Musically, he resorts very often to basic riffs, as in the most basic of jazz numbers, or to adaptations of classical or popular themes that are rampant in so much of ELP's work (and which was the case with the Nice, as well). Admittedly, some of Wakeman's runs are likewise stolen; in fact, some probably from Emerson. Yet he comes through as the more inventive musician of the two. For the evening, Lake was finding it rough to even hear himself over the organ and seemed a little distressed at the whole scene. His bass-work suffered, possibly in comparison to Squire, possibly in that it had devolved from the beautiful accents it made previously to just a lot of typical rhythms. Palmer, for the first time, came through very heavy-handed. His drum set had almost doubled since the band's November gig, and he now has his name emblazoned on the bass drum in blue and gold old English lettering. With the added equipment he now is attempting to work more with tunings of the drums, but it will have to be a lot more precise before he can approach Nigel Olsson in that area. For most of the night, Palmer was making the least of certain moments, and the tuning of his lowest drum made it closely resemble the sound of someone pounding on a cardboard box. So, it's some sort of tribute to a group that can have these weak moments and still put on an exciting, adept show. The music was just so good, even if bits and pieces were hackneyed, to make Emerson, Lake, and Palmer sound like the master musicians that they are, rounding out the triumvirate of top-notch rock bands with Yes and King Crimson.

Neal Vitate



by doing them on moog synthesizer. "Tarkus" followed, closely sticking to the original until shortly into the battle-field sequence. Then Emerson turned on the theremin-like attachment to the synthesizer and leaped down the steps from the stage into the audience, shooting people with machine-gun blasts, holding the phallic object at his crotch, rubbing it on his buttocks, jumping on the rail of the orchestra pit. Returning to the stage, he broke into a synthesized "Star-Spangled Banner," then worked into the theme from "Hall of the Mountain King" out of Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite." The desolation after the battle spawned eerie, rushing noises from the moog, and Lake followed by switching from his bass to a Les Paul for an extended, fluent guitar piece. The basic structure regrouped as the piece came to a halt, only to be followed by "Just Take a Pebble" which became a solo grand piano number for Mr. Emerson as he mixed in parts of the "Lachesis" segment of "The Three Fates" and sections of the conclusion of "Infinite Space," eventual-

local



Richard Wilbur, a Pulitzer Prize winning American Poet, will give a reading in the mezzanine lounge of the Student Center on Wednesday, April 19 at 8pm.

Wilbur has been a professor of English at Wesleyan University since 1957, the year he received the Pulitzer Prize for his book of poetry, *Things of This World*. Since his graduation from Amherst College in 1942, he has also taught at Harvard and Wellesley.

Vo Ta Han enthralls the crowd at the Chapel

At noon on the fourth day of spring, Vo Ta Han gave a classical guitar recital in the MIT Chapel to a crowd so deep that it pressed against the walls and spilled off the rush chairs onto the floor. In a short introduction, Professor John Cook expressed the hope that Han's application to remain at MIT for a further year might be successful.

Han played eight pieces and as he finished each the applause grew progressively louder, culminating in a giant crescendo after the finale, "Malaguena." It is not hard to understand the approval his audience gave to this piece. What is hard to understand, however, is how human fingers can move so quickly, so flawlessly and so deftly as Han's.

But although the audience in general was moved most by "Malaguena," the piece which pleased me the most was a rarely heard caprice by Tarrega, "Capricho Arabe" was probably the most difficult work in the recital, although deceptively simple to the ear. Or was it just the delicacy and sensitivity of execution that made it appear so? Whatever the reason, there in those two words, delicacy and sensitivity, I believe, lie the key to the success of the recital. The impression conveyed by Han's fingers as they stroked, plucked and coaxed the strings, was one of understanding and tenderness for each piece in its own way. Combined together the eight pieces, "Feste Lariane" by Mozzani, "Aria con Variazioni" by Pescobaldi, "Sarabande" by Handel, "Leyenda" by Albeniz, "Ori-

ental Dance" by Maravilla, "Capricho Arabe" and "Malaguena," plus a new composition by Professor Donald Sur of the MIT Music Faculty, amounted to an original and varied program.

In the whole of Han's 40-minute performance there existed one small drawback. I do not know whether it was caused by the narrow cylindrical shape of the Chapel or by the height of its ceiling, but something in the building robbed the guitar of a measure of its true depth and power. For a lesser guitarist it would have been a serious problem; in Han's case it was simply a pity that such should have hovered over an otherwise delightful performance.

Ann Broome

music

David Bromberg and the Fabulous Torpedoes

David Bromberg is an easy cure for those "it's-so-cold-why-ain't-it-summer-yet" blues that everyone seems to be suffering from.

Six months ago, hardly anyone in the Boston area knew of David Bromberg or what he was capable of doing. The only people who were his fans, it seemed, were those who are habitual album-jacket readers, attendees of various folk festivals, or people from New York or Philadelphia. Before going on his own, David had been a studio musician for people such as Jerry Jeff Walker and Rosalie Sorrels for quite some time.

Now, however, you don't have to read fine print on an album jacket to know who David Bromberg is. He did his second gig in two months at the Passim coffeehouse two weeks ago. Apparently he had made many friends during his first Passim stint and during a benefit he participated in last fall at B.U.; we had to wait in line on a Tuesday night, second show, in order to get in to see him. I would hate to think about the crowds on weekends.

David appeared on stage with the Fabulous Torpedoes, his back-up band consisting of bassist Steve Burgh. At first he looked a bit despondent. He explained that he had had a terrible first show and was feeling guilty about it.

David and the Torpedoes opened with "Lonesome Dave's Lovesick Blues No. 3," a song which appears on his Columbia album. That was the last thing he did that night from the album. After appraising the crowd, he proclaimed it "old folkie" night at Passim's and chose his songs accordingly. He asked for audience participation to help him forget about his first set, and the audience obliged. He did a pleasant job on Merle Travis' "Dark as a Dungeon" with the help of the audience. He also did easy, flowing versions of "900 Miles" and "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl."

David came down from the makeshift Passim stage to mingle with the people. He is such a real person, such an intimate performer, that he doesn't need a microphone or a stage. He does well just wandering around from table to table disguised as a troubadour.

David loosened up more and more as

the night progressed. Someone requested Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles." David agreed, but first told us some background stories about the real Mr. Bojangles and the real Jerry Jeff Walker. I had heard the stories before, but they were still amusing.

Without the help of the Torpedoes, David played three fiddle tunes on guitar. His guitar playing is consistently accurate (he made a mistake once in 1969 and not since, as far as I know) and imaginative, especially on instrumental pieces.

David finished with "Lila," a gambling song, which philosophizes, "A man should never gamble . . . more than he can stand to lose."

Conspicuously absent from this performance was the song that I equate with the name David Bromberg, "Bullfrog Blues." He has often said that he has to be in a certain mood to play the song, which is about 20 minutes long, and he was in a nostalgic mood that night, so I had a feeling he would omit the bullfrogs and be somewhat serious.

David isn't that great a singer; his guitar playing is where his strength lies. He does, however, have an uncanny ability to use his voice to its fullest advantage. Among his other talents, although he didn't display them this time around at Passim's, are the abilities to play dobro and mandolin and fake many other instruments.

David's first album, *David Bromberg*, is a fun album because it is not too serious in spots and is serious in others. David's strange sense of humor is demonstrated in his lyrics, especially in "Suffer If You Want to Sing the Blues" and "The Holdup" (written with George Harrison). In "Holdup," however, David's lyrics and magic guitar fingers are sometimes drowned out by an annoying french horn. "Suffer" includes a pesty tenor sax, but the tenor sax is at least in control enough not to hamper David's playing or singing. The sax is admittedly



David Bromberg

too heavy at times, but is not as annoying as the french horn in "Holdup."

As is evident in the album, David can sing serious and semi-serious things when he wants to. He does three blues-oriented songs on his album: "Dehlia," "Pine-Tree Woman," and "Mississippi Blues." "Dehlia" is a traditional song that profits nicely from the Bromberg touch. Will Scarlett plays an easy, yet haunting harmonica backup for David and his guitar. "Dehlia" is one of the songs on the album where David's guitar playing comes through well enough to demonstrate to even a new listener that the boy indeed has a knack for the instrument.

"Pine-Tree Woman" also gives an indication of David's guitar capabilities. "Pine-Tree Woman" demonstrates his ability to use his somewhat limited voice to its full advantage by giving it a guttural, twangy, blues-type tone. In the song, he communicates the blues quite effectively, although he could never convince anyone that he was an escapee from a chain gang or the like.

"Mississippi Blues" is basically instrumental except for words here and there. It is, again, pretty straightforward without tenor sax or french horn to muffle Bromberg and his guitar work.

One other instrumental appears on the album, "The Boggy Road to Milledgeville," sometimes known as "The Arkansas Traveler." This song is generally done on fiddle and banjo. David gives it something extra by doing it on guitar without allowing the song to lose its country flavor in the transition.

I find two songs on the album simply mediocre. It seems as if Columbia added "Sammy's Song" and "Last Song for Shelby Jean" for filling material. "Sammy's Song" is one about a young boy's first adventure to a Spanish whorehouse. The music is hazy and sounds contrived. After hearing David play the blues, this attempt at a psychological, melodramatic, topical song fails. "Shelby Jean" seems sincere enough; it is, after all, a true story about a girl David lived with. In this instance, the music seems natural enough for a good-bye song, but the lyrics grate on me every time I hear the song. In this instance, David's voice seems totally inadequate and weak.

Even if a person didn't like blues or strange songs about people's having to suffer as a prerequisite for merely singing about suffering, the album is still a must. Alfred G. Aronowitz' liner notes are worth the price of the album, and you get some good music to complement the writing on the album. Liner notes were always great to have way back when people had them on their albums, but now they're rare, something of a past era. Aronowitz' wit, combined with wild accounts to Bromberg's escapades and sense of humor, add up to a clever and amusing piece of reading.

True, the album is pleasant and fun, but David has to be seen to be totally appreciated. He's so human, so warm and so open. He brings you into his life through his songs and lets you stay there awhile. His crazy stage humor, consisting of puns and stale old jokes that everyone had heard before, couldn't interfere with his humanity. When he stepped down from the stage at Passim's, it seemed as if he wanted to sing to and with us and not at us. And all us old folkies in the audience were tapping our feet and smiling at David. As an old folkie, I couldn't have been happier.

Wanda Adams

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"A new breed of Western! A work of startling clarity, dramatic conviction and commitment."

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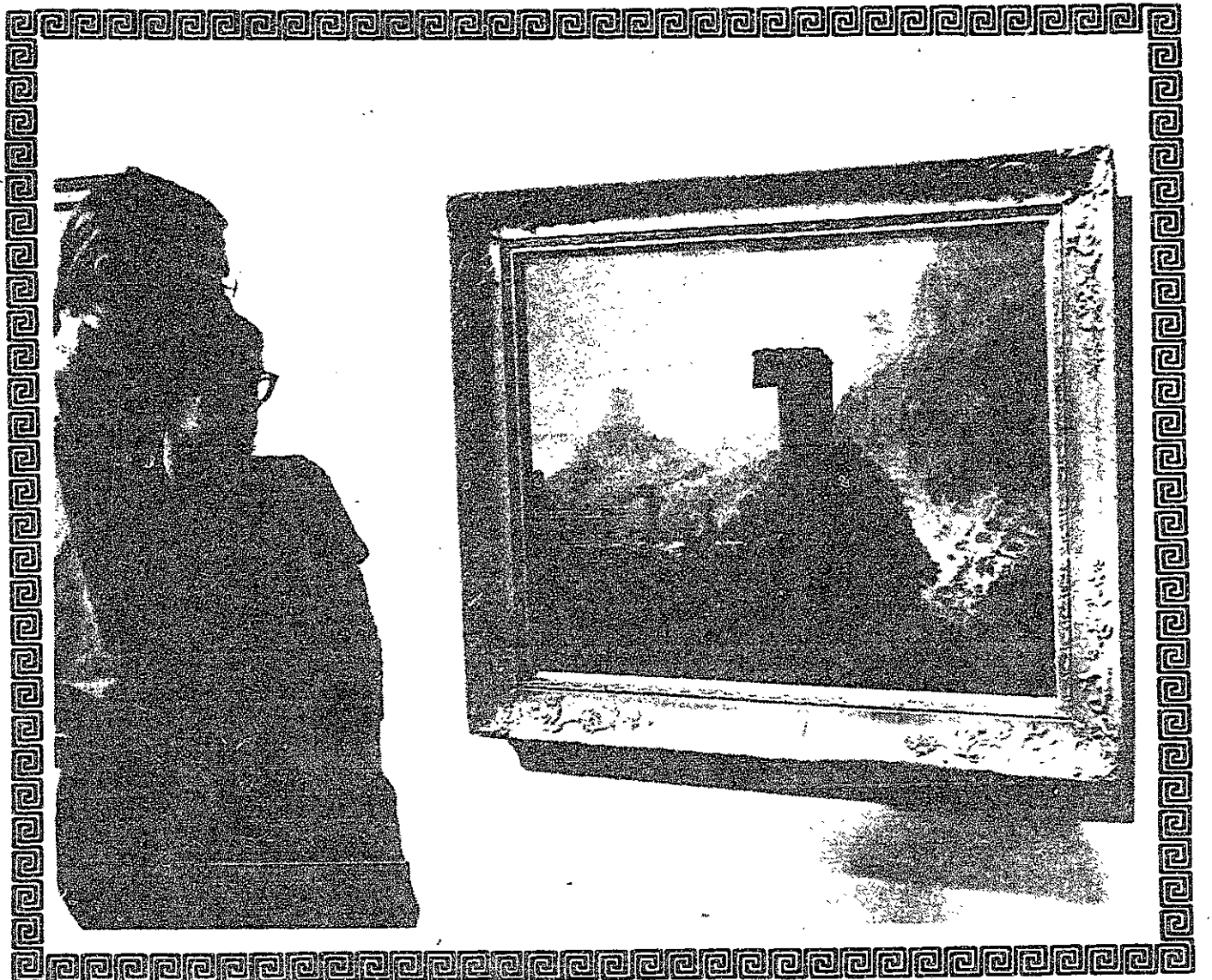
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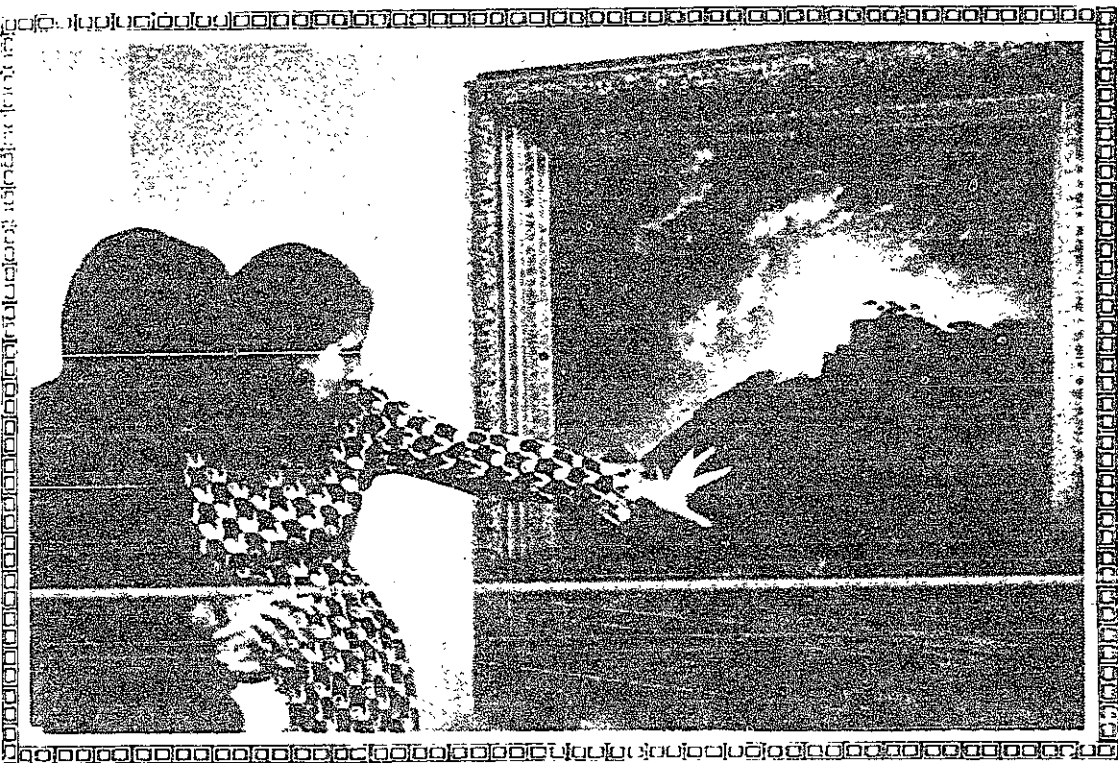
TONY AWARD, NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD, "BEST MUSICAL"
Originally Produced and Directed on Broadway by Harold Prince

art

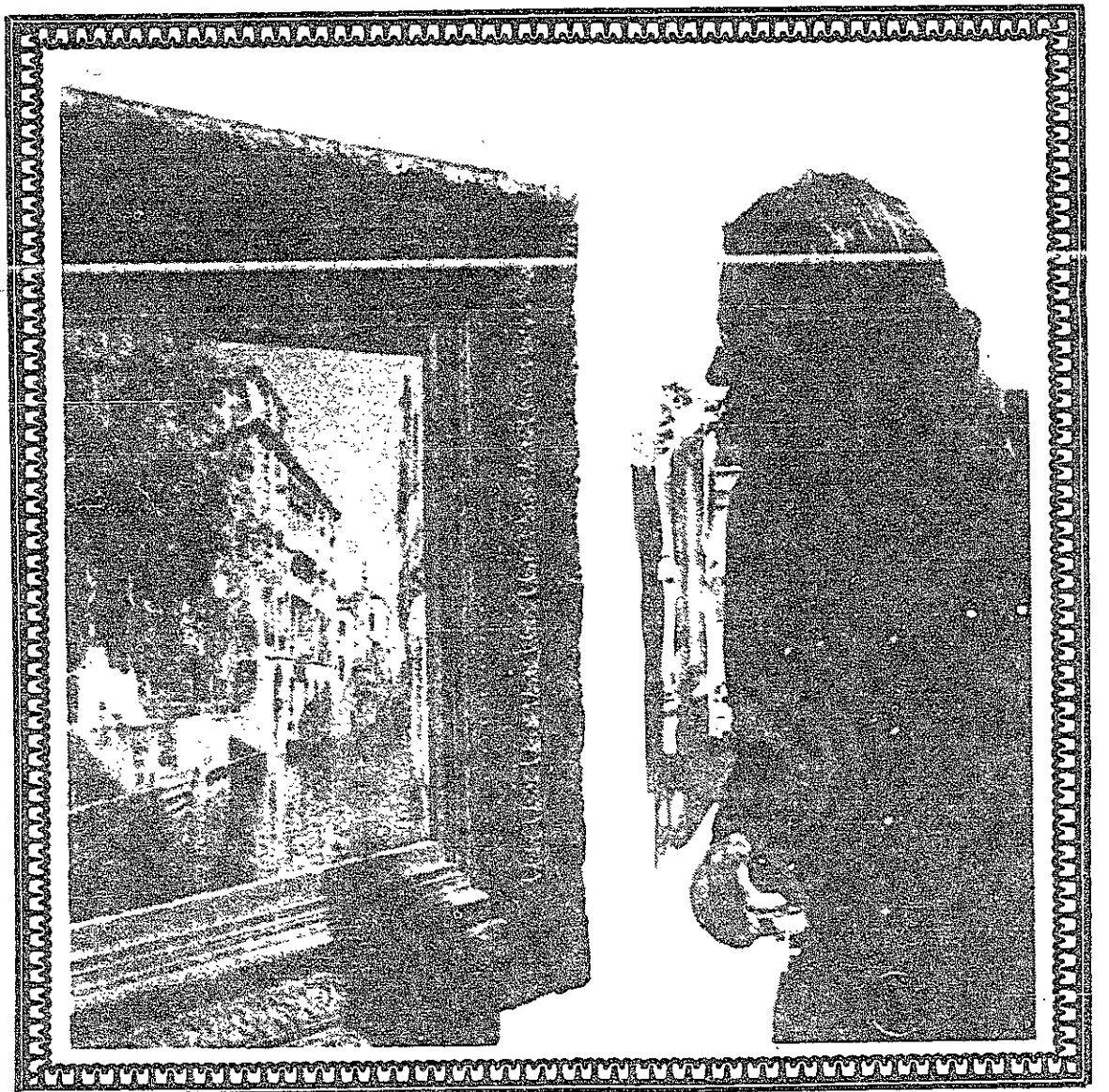
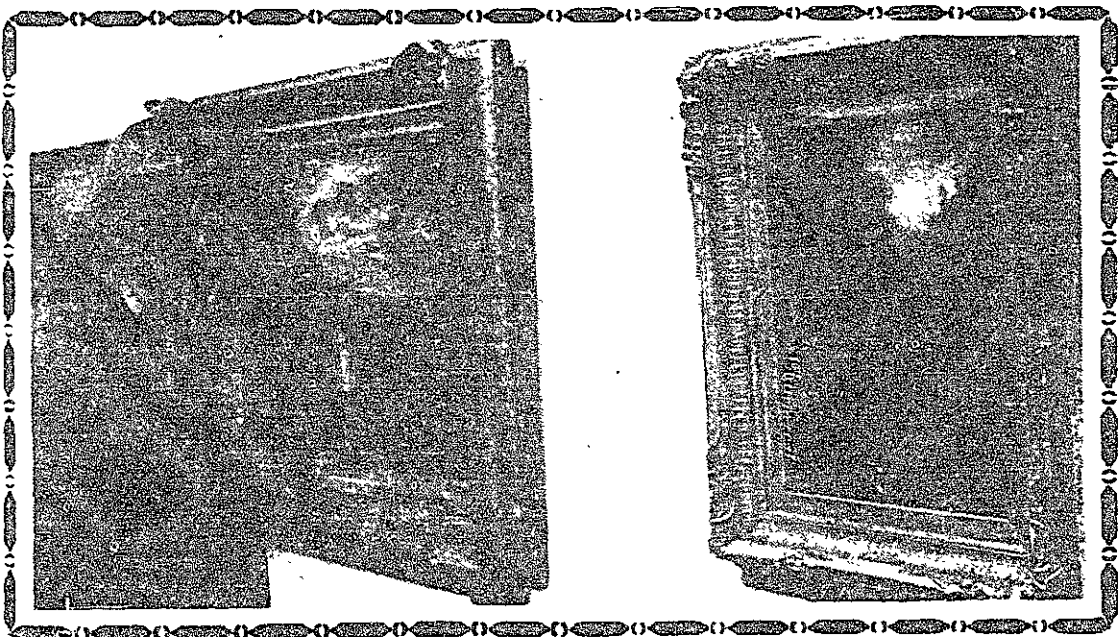
Photos by
David Green



Pictured here are some of the paintings in the latest exhibition in Hayden Gallery, To Look on Nature, and the people who attended the preview showing last Thursday night.



Pictures (& People) at an exhibition



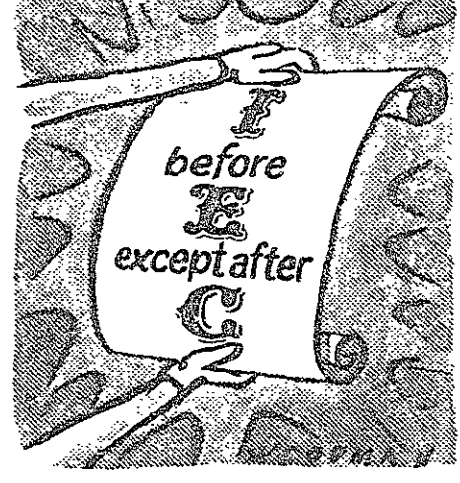
MORE THAN ONCE UPON A TIME



WISDOM OF THE AGES ! WISDOM
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music

Jesse Colin Young is together

Together — Jesse Colin Young (Raccoon)

Jesse Colin Young has put out a solo album, and, somewhat surprisingly, it isn't just a Youngbloods album under a different name on the lines of a Graham Nash album or a David Crosby disc. In fact, the closest to the Youngbloods he comes, is having ex-member Jerry Corbitt sing harmonies and recent addition (actually, not an official member) Richard "Earthquake" Anderson on harmonica. *Together* is the first solo venture for Jesse Colin Young since an effort on Capitol, when he was just getting started back here in Cambridge, hanging around with people like Tom Rush. It's a subtly beautiful record, infused with a kind of warmth and joy, something that has marked the bulk of his work ever since his start back in the early sixties, and right through his Youngbloods' work to the present. *Together* is just so very typical, in that it makes the listener feel good, something that very few records do nowadays.

The songs on *Together* are mostly cover versions of other's work, but they come off new, fresh, and different at the hands of Mr. Young. He probably does the best non-rock version I've heard of "Sweet Little Sixteen" with some really nice piano work by Scott Lawrence, a rollicking interpretation of the standard "Six Days on the Road," Woody Guthrie's "Pastures of Plenty," John Hurt's "Creole Belle" with beautiful harmonies, another rendition of "Lovely Day" (originally on the first release on Jesse's Raccoon label, the Youngbloods' *Rock Festival*), and a song previously available only on a single, "Peace Song." All those tunes, plus more, are done excellently, and they make up *Together*, just a very, very pretty album.

Neal Vitale

C&C's hard rock comedy and a comic conception

Conceptionland and Other States of Mind — The Conception Corporation (Cotillion)

Cheech & Chong (Ode)

These days the standards in comedy albums are different from the old ones. There are no longer so many of the albums around where the standup comedian records a live show in some nightclub. More and more, comedy groups utilizing the medium of the record to create scenarios complete with sound effects are coming to the fore. And Firesign no longer has a monopoly on the market: while *Conceptionland* and *Cheech & Chong* are not copies of Firesign albums, the techniques are similar.

The Conception Corporation did have a previous album, *A Pause in the Disaster* which, while having several good moments, contained a lot of weak premises

and filler material. *Conceptionland* has a much better batting average. The test of a comedy album is how it stands up to repeated listenings and this record still sounds funny several times later. Their basic concepts are better this time, a factor which greatly weakened *A Pause*. "Love of Grass," their serial continued from its previous chapter, is developing its characters nicely. There are good imitations of Walter Brennan, Johnny Cash and the Last Poets, though sometimes overlong.

Side one contains several bits, ranging from Top 40 Education to the ridiculous

Conception Corporation have developed into a distinct entity and their future albums may be greatly looked forward to.

With regard to stoned humor, Cheech and Chong present another type — nearly everybody who appears as a character in their first album is wrecked. Eight of the eleven cuts refer to some form of dope. But this is part of a larger theme — that of capturing the culture of Southern California. Some of the bits are not really that funny except when reflecting on how realistic-sounding the situations they portray are. The character types are



Jesse Colin Young

"All-Night Obituary of the Air" to The Late News (filled with late (dead) newsmakers) from Heaven. It is strongly media-oriented but it is continually clever and incisive. Side two is "Conceptionland," a large fair, containing such attractions as the Dope-A-Matic demonstration, a sideshow, an amazing trip on the Titanic, and various other diversions. There are lots of one-liners and gags but basically it is largely good comedy and satire. A lot of the material is what is known as "stoned humor" which Firesign, of course, specialized in. But the

limited: Chong essentially plays only one part — that of a guy who sounds like he just downed four reds. How he reacts in different surroundings is often funny enough but it is occasionally hard to put up with. On the whole, though, the ideas they present are so very real that you can't help laugh — less at the record than at the things they are parodying. Whether Cheech and Chong's approach will prove too limited to produce more good albums will remain to be seen; this album is somewhat provincial (it is undoubtedly more popular in Los Angeles than it is

here) but such diverse cuts as "Blind Melon Chillin'" and "Dave" would be just as funny anywhere and show a lot of promise.

The trend in comedy is encouraging. One-liner generators like Bob Hope and Jack Carter are definitely from another world — a new generation of humorists is coming to take their place, without using any mother-in-law jokes.

Jay Pollack

New old Ten Years After and the Allman Brothers

Alvin Lee & Company — Ten Years After (Deram)

Duane & Greg Allman (Bold)

These two records have been dredged up from the back files of the two companies involved and released: the Ten Years After, in order to drain the last possible bit from the band now that it's moved to Columbia; the Bold release, unfortunately capitalizing on the death of Duane Allman, as well as on the immense popularity the band has recently garnered.

Alvin Lee & Company turns out to be a quite good record, even though it is some of TYA's earliest work. It includes their first single "The Sounds"/"Portable People," as well as a version of "Crossroads" and a long boogie number much like the Canned Heat one (that is, having each member do a solo, and such). Alvin Lee is as fast as ever, and the under-rated member of the band, organist Chick Churchill, comes through at times with some nice riffs. The record is better than the group's latest, *A Space in Time*, and probably better than their latest efforts on Deram, as well. The sound is admittedly rough, but the music is strong and shows many of the roots for the group's classics to be. For Ten Years After fans, a must; for the rest of us, possibly one of the group's better, if it were necessary to choose just one.

Duane & Greg Allman is a very mysterious album; there are no liner notes or credits, beyond the names and authors of the songs. But it would appear that the songs are very early ones, possibly when the Allmans were studio musicians; it is unclear even as to the backing players. The only name that is mentioned which is at all familiar, is Steve Alaimo. Some of you may remember back to the halcyon days of *Where the Action Is* every afternoon way back in the 64-66 era; Alaimo was a regular on that show. On *Duane & Greg Allman*, he wrote or co-authored three of the songs, including one that is redone on the Allman Brothers Band's *Eat a Peach*, "Melissa." Also on the earlier album is a version of "Morning Dew" that is very, very good. As on the TYA record, the sound is very rough and unpolished, possibly "immature" would apply. The band is rocking, and Duane and Greg both sound pretty good, but the total feeling is one of just getting things rolling. *Duane & Greg Allman* is to the Allman Brothers what *The Original Flying Machine* was to James Taylor. The record is good, but nothing amazing, even though valuable from the historical viewpoint, and indispensable to the group's loyal fans. Others might do well to note the short playing time of the disc (the second side totals only about 11 minutes), and pick *Eat a Peach* instead.

Neal Vitale

HARVARD SQ.

864-4580 Thru Tues Glenda Jackson in SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY 1:30 - 5:35 - 9:40 & WOMEN IN LOVE 3:25 - 7:30

BRATTLE SQ.

876-4226 Thru Tues Federico Fellini's LA STRADA Giulietta Masina, Anthony Quinn 5:45 - 9:30 & Bertolt Brecht's THE THREEPENNY OPERA 7:35

CENTRAL 1

864-0426 62nd Week De Broca's THE KING OF HEARTS 6:30 - 9:45 Weekend Matinees 3:10 & GIVE HER THE MOON 8:15 Weekend Matinees 4:55

CENTRAL 2

864-0426 Thru Tues Boston Premiere OUTBACK Donald Pleasence, Gary Bond 6:15 - 9:40 & BORN TO WIN George Segal, Karen Black 8:05

April 11, 1972
5:15 pm
Lecture Hall 9-150

Technology and Culture Seminar

Concepts of Rationality

Professor Henry David Aiken,
Philosophy at Brandeis University

Moderator: Stephan Chorover, Psychology, MIT

Respondents:

Arthur D. Kaledin, Humanities, MIT
Victor F. Weisskopf, Physics, MIT



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Humble Pie is smokin'

Smokin' — Humble Pie (A&M)

Smokin' is just that — smokin', hot and nasty rock 'n' roll. Finally, everything has fit together for Humble Pie, for the first time on any album of theirs released in America (supposedly their best, *Town and Country*, was never released over here). After the horrendous excesses of *Rockin' the Fillmore*, I was, to say the least, not expecting too much. So, *Smokin'* came as a really pleasant surprise.

Starting with "Hot 'n' Nasty" (with Steve Stills sitting in) working through Eddie Cochran's "C'mon Everybody" to "30 Days in the Hole" (with good old Maggie Bell screaming a little back-up) and ending up with "Sweet Peace and Time," it is just a fine, fine record. The sound at points is very reminiscent of the Faces, with Steve Marriott singing much like the man who replaced him as lead vocalist with the then Small Faces, Rod Stewart. Clem Clemson has joined the Pie, now that Colosseum has broken up, and he sounds good, though perhaps not as good as the band's previous lead

guitarist, Peter Framson, who many consider one of the finest in rock. All together, *Smokin'* is just a superb album of hard and heavy rock, with even bits of acoustic blues and slower tunes done expertly. A fine record by an excellent English band.

~~~~~ Neal Vitale ~~~~~

## Deuce's wild

*Deuce* — Rory Gallagher (Atco)

"Rory who?"

"Rory Gallagher, man; he's incredible, the best fuckin' guitarist I've ever heard. He used to be in a group, Taste; nobody ever heard of him. Now he's got an album out, *Deuce*, and it's fantastic."

"Deuce?"

"He's fast, man, and he plays slide and acoustic and electric and . . . he really knows his axe. He screams and yells kind of bluesy-like, like that guy Youlden back with Savoy Brown . . . he beats the hell out of his guitar, and the bass-player and drummer pound away in the background there and . . . and . . . it's like a wall-of-sound, man."

"Wall-of-sound?"

"Yeah, man, he's great; it's the most...

electric thing I've heard since Alice's *Killer* or T. Rex bopping away on *Electric Warrior* . . . listen to it, man, it's just so much... energy, man, it'll melt your ears."

"Alice? . . . Melt my ears? . . ."

"Rory Gallagher, man, he's as good as anybody, he's right up there with Hendrix and Page and even Clapton, man. He's incredible."

"Rory who?"

~~~~~ Neal Vitale ~~~~~

Bare trees — and a bare Fleetwood

Bare Trees — Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)

Of any Fleetwood Mac album to date, *Bare Trees* is probably the most difficult to get into. The addition of guitarist Bob Welch early last year, to fill the gap left by Jeremy Spencer's departure, still sits uneasily with this reviewer, as I think he is a bad influence on the band. Somehow, I can't help but feel that "Future Games," the title cut from the group's last disc (and an excellent song by Welch), was a fluke. The other pieces of his writing on that album, as well as his contributions to the new one, are not particularly good (even

though parts of "The Ghost" are intriguing). Danny Kirwan is now clearly the foundation of the group, and it is his songs that salvage *Bare Trees*. All his tunes hark back to the finery of previous albums; in fact, there are moments peculiarly reminiscent of *Then Play On*. Christine McVie is the other writer on the album (excluding a Mrs. Scarrot, who reads a bit of her own poetry to close the record), and her works fall in a middle ground; far outclassing Welch's efforts but not quite as good as Kirwan's.

It is very distressing to see what was once a great rock band, having been emasculated over the years, now languishing at its nadir. Kirwan honestly seems to be striving to regain what was once Fleetwood Mac's, and Mr. and Mrs. McVie, along with Mick Fleetwood, seem to be offering support however possible. But Welch is the proverbial albatross. Nevertheless, the existing group deserves considerable credit for producing an album of music, the majority of which is quite above the ordinary level. But in comparison with earlier efforts, the sunset on the back of the album jacket of *Bare Trees* is, sadly, more symbolic of the band than a simple aesthetic adornment.

~~~~~ Neal Vitale ~~~~~

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Oliver Messiaen's

# QUARTIER FOR THE OPPOSITE

I saw  
a mighty  
angel come down  
from heaven, clothed  
with a cloud, and a rainbow  
was upon his head, and his face  
was as if it were the sun, and his  
feet as pillars of fire. He lifted up his  
hand to heaven, saying, THERE SHALL BE  
TIME NO LONGER, but in the days of the trumpet  
of the seventh angel, the mystery of God shall  
be finished.  
The Revelation of St. John X 1-7

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Oliver Messiaen Quartet for the end of time, for clarinet,  
violin, cello and piano

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Sunday  
april 16  
4 p.m.

A limited number of rush seats at 50¢ will be available at Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, from 2:30 to 3:30 on the day of the concert.



# MUSIC

## The Mothers have an abortion

*Just Another Band From L.A. — The Mothers (Bizarre/Reprise)*

We used to look to Frank Zappa for a challenge. He always seemed to be pushing us to areas we didn't know before. The Mothers of Invention had been one of the *real* underground groups when such bands as Jefferson Airplane and Country Joe & The Fish were just starting to be played on the radio. Through social satire on *Absolutely Free* and *We're Only In It For The Money*, and through greasy love songs in *Freak Out* and *Ruben and the Jets*, the Mothers were always distinguished from their counterparts in obscenity, the Fugs, in that the Mothers were a *good band* and could create interesting and sometimes complex music. *Uncle Meat* and *Hot Rats* showed Zappa as a strong creator, with good jazz feelings also. The Fugs eventually had nothing left but the obscenity and they faded out of popularity and existence.

Well, now the Mothers seem destined for the same thing. The re-formed group still contains Ian Underwood and Don Preston, two good musicians, along with Zappa. But the presence of Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman as vocalists and collaborators has had a terrible effect, coinciding with Zappa's dry spell as a composer. All four albums with this new band have been disappointing and the newest, *Just Another Band From L.A.* is downright insulting to any listener's intelligence and musical taste, however little it could be. There is approximately two minutes of music present on this record. The other forty-four minutes are filled with obscene remarks and stupid L.A. references. Zappa has always been known to have contempt for his listeners and not to hide it, but it is

obvious to everybody, apparently except him, that any previous or potential audience has long outgrown his childish antics.

On the other hand, maybe I'm wrong. The crowd heard on this live performance is pretty frenetic, and the Mothers' previous offense (not counting the soundtrack for *200 Motels*), *Live at the Fillmore East, 1971*, has been their best seller. It's scary to think that Zappa actually may not be under-estimating his fans. That would say a lot about the average musical taste, although I daresay that the Mothers' current audience is several years younger than the old Mothers' gathered, and possibly just excited by a rock group that sings "dirty songs." In any case, this album title may have been intended as a joke, but it isn't.

~~~~~ Jay Pollack ~~~~~



Frank Zappa

A new spacey Lee Michaels: good or bad?

Space and First Takes — Lee Michaels (A&M)

Lee Michaels has long been, in my estimation, just a small notch below the best keyboardmen — Keith Emerson,

Rick Wakeman, and Rod Argent. His albums have consistently put forth a guitar-less style of California rock and white blues that is readily distinguishable and quite unique in the music field. So *Space and First Takes* comes as more than just a little surprise. Rather than the usual 10 to 12 songs of two-and-a-half to four minutes duration, he has opted for four songs total, two of which are of the fifteen minute variety. The keyboards have totally vanished on the title cut (all 16 minutes and 40 seconds of it); on the other cuts, they surface for only occasional runs. He has moved from the key instruments to guitar, even though his competence on guitar doesn't approach his excellence on organ and piano. All the songs amount to jams, barrages of sound, which are admittedly strong, solid, and powerful efforts.

It seems evident, right from the surreal cover art, that Lee Michaels wanted to produce a different style album, a "spacey" one to break away from the old groove he was in. But the change leaves me uncertain; there's a feel to *Space and First Takes* that prevents me from deciding if I like it or not. If you're a Lee Michaels fan, this new bent might disturb you. If you want some heavy, strong music, then perhaps this disc is right up your alley. But for me, it leaves me torn between dismay, for the loss of those fine keyboards, and visceral pleasure, over those dense, massive exercises in sound.

~~~~~ Neal Vitale ~~~~~

## Scraps — of funky excellence

*Scraps — NRBQ (Kama Sutra)*

The New Rhythm and Blues Quintet is one of those rare breed of rock bands who actually moved from a "biggie" label (Columbia) to the present one, one of the smallest. But the change seems to have done them some good, as *Scraps* turns out to be an excellent, varied, funky record. The resemblance that comes most quickly to mind is that of the Lovin' Spoonful, though the very breadth of the material soon prevents the hints of that group from becoming anything more than that. NRBQ dabbles

in humor ("Howard Johnston's Got H Ho-Jo Workin'" and "Who Put th Garlic in the Glue?"), instrumenta ("Tragic Magic"), a Johnny Mercer revival ("Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive") and some countryish acoustic ("Onl You"). But most of the album is rock 'n' roll, and, contrary to the group's name not all that much rhythm and blues.

The sound of the group is keyed around Tommy "Rock Baby Rock Staley on drums, bassist Joe Spampinato and Al Anderson's thick, clunkin' Gibson work. Probably the best song on the record is the one on which those three musicians can really cook, and that's on "Get a Grip." Not to be overlooked, though, are Terry Adams ever-present keyboards and writing and Frank Gadler's vocals. Together, NRBQ is a very competent and talented band that explores a lot of avenues of music playing in a lot of styles and genres. *Scraps* is well worth listening to.

~~~~~ Neal Vitale ~~~~~

A motley snake

Snake — Exuma (Kama Sutra)

You can get a good idea of what to expect from this record just from the jacket artwork. There are very rude, primitive type paintings complete with symbols and ugly, cabalistic images. The paintings, as well as lead vocals, guitar, arrangements, and other assorted work on the record are done by Exuma, Michael Olatunji is the only familiar name mentioned in the liner notes; he plays various percussion in the backing group. It's hard to tell at times whether this record is a put-on, as there are some pretty tacky and banal cuts. But the general feeling is one of honesty, remaining natural where someone like Dr. John becomes plastic. The music is interesting at points, and those into truly ethnic sounds mixed with rock will probably enjoy *Snake*. Even if you're not into tribal chants and strange instruments, one cut, "Attica," is fast becoming an underground classic, and that alone might make the record worthwhile. But beware, Exuma is not for everyone.

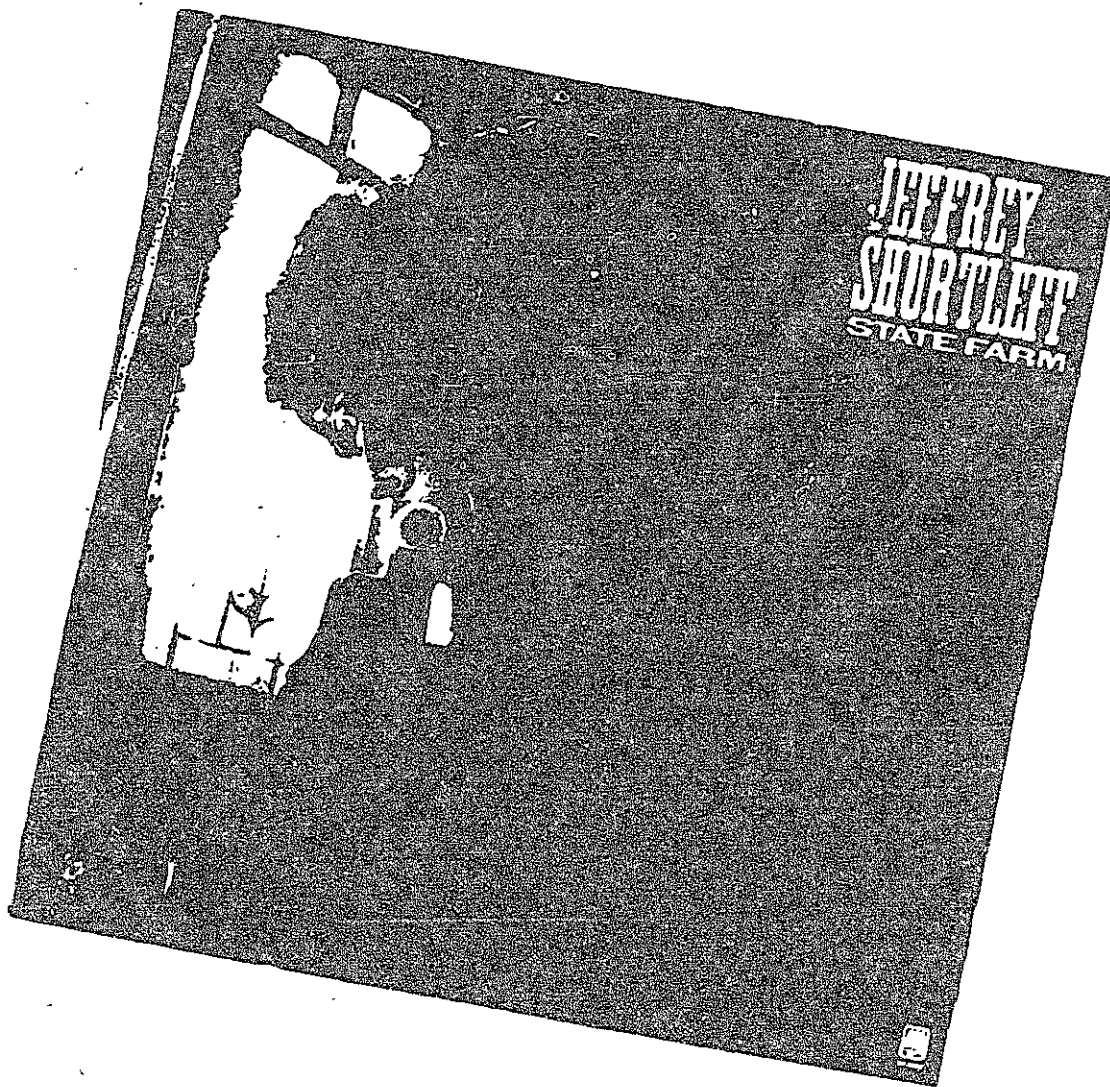
~~~~~ Neal Vitale ~~~~~

He has one of the most mellow and moving, not to mention simply beautiful male folk voices I've ever heard.

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Joan Baez



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# Letters to *The Tech*

(Continued from page 4)

A subtler form of exactly this kind of perverse reasoning marks also the writings of Banfield, Moynihan, and a whole school of modern "experts," who try to attribute the poverty of Black people in this country not to the constant oppression to which they are subjected, but to their family structure, culture, or other characteristics. An excellent critique of this ideology is found in William Ryan's *Blaming the Victim* (New York, 1971).

Paul Kiparsky  
G.H. Matthews  
William Pinson

(In our view, it would be utterly irresponsible not to publish all the letters we receive which comment on current issues at MIT and our reporting of them.  
—Editor)

To the editor:

Over the past several weeks *The Tech* has printed several particularly inane letters and articles which appear to have been generated over the recent confrontation with Urie Bronfenbrenner and the issue of academic racism. No... on second thought delete academic racism. Perhaps the authors of these letters and articles don't really want to approach the subject either because they are particularly naive or because they choose to throw themselves at the heels of the administrators of the universities, industry, and government so as to support these "theoreticians" in practice and principle. Of course there have been some very good letters such as Catherine Cornwell's of last week to which this does not apply.

Rather than addressing the issue, the authors of the letters to which this does apply chose to nitpick, to ridicule the general appearance of people involved in opposing these theories, to fabricate and then attribute statements to these same people, to wander into great paroxysms of writing on superfluous topics, like whether or not professors are like other people, and so on. In fact it seems that they are willing to do anything possible to talk around the issue rather than to it. Could it be that they are unwilling to support their own ideas on the issue?

A case to be examined would be Mr. Rothchild who went to great lengths to avoid the real topic of academic racism. In a wildly distorted description of a meeting which he claims to have

attended, Rothchild starts with a totally childish attack on the appearance of Professor Pinson. Contrary to what Rothchild says the consensus at that meeting was that Bronfenbrenner should be questioned rather than be shouted down and in particular, Professor Pinson never said that shouting down was the best approach. Rothchild is also a master nitpicker. Occasionally an argument has been presented about academic racism in Nazi Germany, not to say that the situations are identical in all respects, but just to portray the seriousness of a situation where such theories are in vogue. Rothchild first notes that the theories and arguments of the academicians were not identical here and in Germany. Rothchild points out that in Germany the theories were wrong because in fact Jews were not inferior, but then he makes allowances that the present theories which say that black, poor, and other minority group people are inferior may be true. Apparently he supports the idea that there are superior and inferior races and is content in feeling that he is in a superior one. Has he ever thought that the reason that the theories here and in Germany are not identical because they would have to be tailored to fit the people that they are designed to oppress?

I doubt that the people who wrote these obtuse letters and articles don't care about the issue, or they would not have written, or that they don't understand the contents of the works of the theorists, or that they are "crackpots," therefore it is likely that they support the use of universities as factories for racist theories. But it is not a question of academic freedom, it is a question of whether people should be free from such slander that can only serve to increase oppression.

Robert Stallard

To the editor:

The following establishments have been generous enough to donate to the 1972 annual University Department of the Greater YMCA Sustaining Membership Campaign: Esquire Theaters of America, Queensbury Liquor, Ken's at Copley, Dickinson Brothers, Hy's Texaco Station and King's Rook Cycles.

The University Department of the Greater Boston YMCA helps students participating in the Federal Work-Study Program find summer and part time jobs

in various YMCA's and private organizations throughout the country. The University Department also aides students looking for volunteer work and part time jobs.

In the past few years the University Department has also been able to sponsor a number of Work-Study students working within the Greater Boston community on individual projects of community interest. Examples of these projects include juvenile work, environmental work, drug studies, half-way houses, tenant groups and creative development. We have been able to fund these individuals through money raised during our annual Sustaining Membership Campaign.

The above mentioned businesses, we feel, have shown their concern for the city, its students, and its residents by making a very generous and worthwhile donation. We ask you to frequent their establishments.

Help us raise our funds and we can all benefit.

Thank you.

University Department  
Greater Boston YMCA

To the editor:

At first, let me introduce myself. I belong to International Student Association in Toyama University in Japan. It is one of the clubs in our university. It sets the goal at this: We are living in the society called the informational society, so we can catch and see the various affairs through books, TV and radio. It is the society that mass-communication develops very much. But we think that the gap of mass-communication becomes bigger and bigger, as time goes on. There are about one hundred and thirty countries and so many nations in the world. It is the time for the mutual understanding beyond the social system and ideology. We should have the chance that the people who live in different circumstances change their opinions. We believe it is the most important thing that human beings understand each other. We hope for the realization of the mutual understanding through correspondence with us. We ask you to inform our opinion to the students in your university. We hope it very very much.

Haruo Maki

## The political scramble

(Continued from page 4)

to-toe primary clash, and score convincing triumphs in the intermediate primaries in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Maryland, West Virginia, and Tennessee. McGovern will not have to win or even enter all of these races, but he will have to avoid a defeat in any state to which he commits a large fraction of his resources. This would set the stage for victories in California on June 6 and New York on June 20. It's all a pipe dream right now, but if McGovern wins the nomination in this fashion he will have concurrently demonstrated his ability to defeat Richard Nixon in November.

A word is in order about some fallacious analogies which have been drawn between McGovern's 1972 effort and the Goldwater disaster of 1964. Both men began their campaigns at the preceding convention: Goldwater with his "Conservatives unite" speech and McGovern with his attempt to stop Humphrey in Chicago. Both men had cadres of dedicated, almost fanatical supporters. There the valid comparisons stop. McGovern is not about to vote the wrong way on civil

rights as Barry Goldwater did in 1964. Nor is he likely to be caught on the losing side of the proposed busing legislation, perhaps the 1972 equivalent of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, since it is unlikely that sufficient support for the anti-busing legislation will be generated. Furthermore, McGovern will not be able to snatch the nomination as Goldwater did in a series of precinct caucuses but will be forced to demonstrate widespread electoral support due to reforms instituted by the Democratic Party Reform Commission which he chaired. Lastly, Richard Nixon is unpopular now and is beset with domestic economic problems, the specter of an ever-widening ITT scandal, and the collapse of his Vietnamization program.

The Wisconsin primary clarified the race for the Democratic nomination in a number of ways. It is this observer's guess that the intermediate primaries will clarify matters even more and that as the voters and financiers take an increasing toll of Presidential hopefuls, the race will come down to a titanic clash in the late primaries in California and New York.

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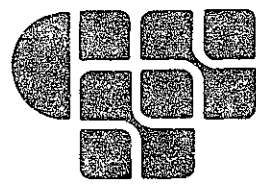
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# Cambridge Hotline [876-7528] gives aid

(Continued from page 1)  
not included, so they cannot get it with government money.

The Hotline is staffed by about 40 volunteers and core members. Volunteers work four-hour shifts, and core members each work one twelve-hour shift a week. In addition, there are Core Group meetings and general staff meetings to go it. Ideally, there would be two volunteers on each shift, but there are not yet enough volunteers to do this on all shifts.

Volunteers go through a thorough seven-session, eighteen-hour training program before being put on the phones. Sessions are taught by core members or others with specific knowledge about the subject matter to be covered. The training program, which is quite extensive, covers such areas as counseling attitudes, Hotline mechanics, marijuana, LSD, narcotics, speed, barbiturates and other drugs, alcohol, legal

problems, family counseling, homosexuality, pregnancy and abortion, birth control, first aid, psychiatric problems, and suicide.

Hotline volunteers are selected by means of an interview which sounds formidable on paper, but actual interviews are quick, consisting of a question like "Why do you want to work for the Hotline?" and a few questions about the applicant's background. Only one applicant, who was described as "incredibly spaced out," has ever been rejected. Basically, the Hotline just wants responsible people who are willing to put in the time that must be spent in training and the minimum requirement of one four-hour shift per week. They are eager to expand their volunteer staff, and interested people are encouraged to call the Hotline at 876-7528.

The volunteers and core members are for the most part "very conscientious young

working people and college students." There are seven core members, including a Director and an Assistant Director. The Director explained that it is Hotline policy to withhold the full names of Hotline staff, to protect their anonymity as well as that of callers. For similar reasons, the address of the building they are in has been withheld. Core members are mostly either seniors in college or college graduates, and have had varying amounts of experience with drugs, the common denominator being that every one of them who had ever used drugs stopped some time ago of his own volition.

The Hotline also has a Board of Directors, which includes three core members, two doctors at the Cambridge Hospital, a Cambridge School Committeeman, a Cambridge City Councilman, and a couple of other people.

The Hotline is now open from 2 pm to 2 am every day, and has been receiving forty to fifty calls a day during that period. In addition, there are the "hangups" and "wrong numbers," of which there are about fifteen a night. Calls come mostly from Cambridge, especially East Cambridge, North Cambridge, Cambridgeport, and the Model Cities area. However, calls often come from all over Eastern Massachusetts, and as far away as New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and even New Jersey. The length of calls varies from one minute to three or four hours, the average being about twenty minutes. Callers range in age from six or seven to people in their eighties, with the majority between 14 and 30.

A breakdown shows that the largest number of calls are either about sexual problems, pregnancy, venereal disease, or birth control, or they are about drug

problems. Psychological and suicide problems rank a close third. Many calls also come in for general counseling and miscellaneous medical, legal, tenant, school, and family problems. Less-frequent are calls about the draft or rides information. There are also about seven or eight "thank you for helping" calls in the average month.

These are the more common calls, but just about anything imaginable has probably been the subject of a Hotline call at some time or other. A woman in her eighties asking for the name of a physician in Massachusetts who practices acupuncture (the Hotline was unable to help this case). A man calls, wanting a reference to a lawyer so he can divorce his wife. A teenager wants to know how to increase her bust size. Getting on to things of a more harrowing nature, there was one case in the last month in which a caller died while on the phone.

There is a feeling among the Hotline workers that not enough people know about them. They can afford to spend next to nothing on publicity, but free TV time in the form of FOCUS ads on Channel Seven, as well as many spots on local radio stations, have been extremely effective. Publicity also takes the form of leafletting campaigns and sending speakers to meetings of various organizations.

Referrals are the single largest service provided by the Hotline. The referral list (of which, incidentally, a copy is available in the Dean's Office in 5-104), now has 422 annotated entries, including many places which help people who have problems with or want to know more about drugs, alcohol, birth control, the draft, employment, other hotlines, legal problems, etc. This list is kept up to date by means of follow-ups by Hotline person-

nel and feedback from various other sources.

Another important service is community education. The Hotline serves as a source of information about drugs and other problems for parents and teenagers, and is also able to keep the professional community up to date regarding what is going on in the streets.

In addition, the Hotline tries to provide emergency transportation to hospitals for drug victims or others who need it (although the vast majority of bad trips can be "talked down;" only a few need hospital care). Sometimes Hotline personnel provide in-person counseling if needed (e.g., threatened suicides).

For the future, the Hotline would like to expand its role in community education about drugs and related problems from passive (i.e., waiting for somebody to call before giving him the information) to active (going out into the community and teaching people). This program would include facts about different drugs (including nicotine and alcohol), as well as sessions about the causes and history of drug abuse.

The anonymity of the phone callers presents a formidable obstacle to assessing the true usefulness of the references given, as it is difficult to conduct any kind of detailed follow-up study. The Hotline people would nevertheless like to institute some sort of mechanism to get a better idea of the helpfulness of the various organizations on the referral list.

The Cambridge Hotline (876-7528) welcomes calls from two in the afternoon until two in the morning. They hope that anybody who has a problem will count the Hotline among the resources available to help.

## Government to tax 'charitable foundations'

By Margo Levine

Recently in a letter accompanied by a check for over one-half million dollars, Alan Pifer, President of the Carnegie Foundation, voiced his feeling against the Federal tax on charitable foundations.

The result of the Tax Reform Act of 1969, this tax will, according to Mr. Pifer, result in a great loss to the US educational system. The Carnegie Foundation's \$521,116 would have "been given in its entirety to colleges, universities, medical institutions and other charitable institutions, mostly under private control." Instead, this money will now go to the US Government for the purpose of auditing and checking the financial records of the various charitable institutions (including colleges).

Originally the Reform Act was aimed at the many small family foundations which are very often used simply as gimmicks to avoid taxation.

Though it does afford a better idea of the actual dealings of foundations through stiffer regulations of their financial dealings, as well as force many small foundations to release

money, Pifer contends that the Act does more harm than good. In the next decade the Carnegie Foundation alone will pay approximately five million dollars in taxes while the tax paid by all foundations will total nearly one-half billion dollars. Ultimately this will result in one-half billion dollars loss in grants to institutions and students. Mr. Pifer contends that at a time when government is not sufficiently supporting education, it is indeed a bad precedent to have the government virtually taking the money out of the mouths of the needy institutions. Also, the tax burden may force some small well-meaning foundations out of existence.

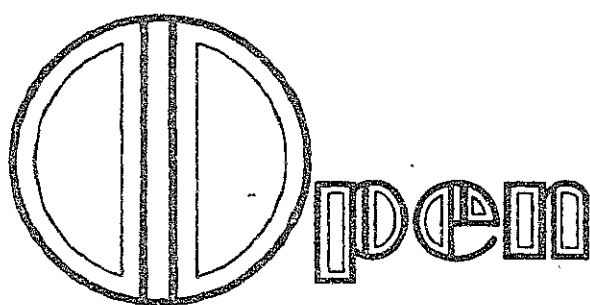
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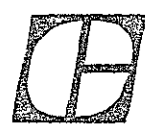
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# MIT faces proxy decisions

(Continued from page 1)

withdrawal of all US corporations from holdings in South Africa.

With no official US position on the South Africa racial policies, the Project is calling upon the involved corporations to prove that their existence in South Africa is indeed beneficial to both whites and non-whites and not contributing to the racial inequality which already exists. It may be extremely difficult for some of these corporations to produce enough proof for the Project, should the proxy proposals be passed at the annual stockholder meetings later this year.

The corporations with holdings in South Africa have allegedly been contributing to racial inequality there through activities such as inequities in employment practices for whites and non-whites. The *apartheid* policy allows differences in pay scales and conditions, and the Church Project, as well as proxy supporters, insist that the involved companies can somehow reverse the racial policies by creating a greater sense of equality between white and non-white employees.

The proxy resolutions proposed by the Project on US Investment call for a disclosure of all activities of Goodyear and GM in South Africa to review the corporations' involvement. The Project has stated that the corporate review will "weigh in a balance... whether the corporation's involvement in South Africa serves primarily to support an unjust regime and its

control over the population or whether that corporation has taken advantage of its presence in South Africa to ameliorate the *apartheid* system and to improve the condition of the oppressed groups and especially of their own non-white employees."

## Angola

Gulf Oil Company's involvement in the Portuguese colony of Angola is a slightly different situation from the clear-cut controversy which exists in South Africa.

There the controversy is not just one of racial inequalities (which in Angola are not officially sanctioned by the Portuguese), but rather the contributions which Gulf may be making to the "oppressive governmental control of the Portuguese."

The problem in Angola, as described by the 1970 report made by the United Nations Association Policy Panel, is that although political power was to be turned back to the people of Angola, the Portuguese have continued to keep a strong political and military presence in the Colony, and have effectively prevented the majority of blacks from assuming any significant political power.

The Church Project contends that Gulf's involvement in the country has "benefitted the Portuguese government in retaining control of Angola." Therefore, the proxy statement calls for Gulf to provide a "thorough report" of the Corporation's relations with the people of Angola and the

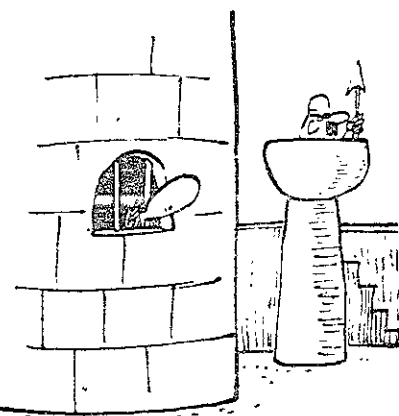
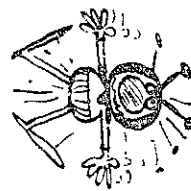
Portuguese.

Contained in the proposed disclosure to stockholders would be "a complete listing of all payments, including taxes, royalties and any payments for military protection, made by Gulf to the Portuguese government since 1954."

Among other proxy fights taking shape at this time, sponsored by Nader's Project on Corporate Responsibility, are two dealing with automobile manufacturers and one leveled against five major pharmaceutical corporations.

The proxy resolutions submitted for Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors, take the form of the original Campaign GM, alleging that those corporations have not "been responsive to the needs of the public," and from now on should consider the social implications of all corporate decision-making.

The second campaign, aimed at major drug producers, include proxy resolutions to insure that the companies act more in the public interest to decrease abuse of drugs readily available in pharmacies.



## Bowling finals start: PDT, EC are leaders

As the playoffs of the IM bowling season got underway last night, Phi Delta Theta and East Campus were the teams to beat in the two divisions.

PDT 'A', led by Scott Berdell G, Ray Mayer '72, and Bob Orloff '73, hung on to first place despite weak performance the last two weeks. They were closely pursued by Phi Mu Delta 'A', whose hot finishes at the season's close pulled them to within 150 pins. The Phi Mu's total was 7897 for five weeks, just behind PDT's 8035.

East Campus 'A', despite a similar last-minute slump and a near-forfeit, closed at 8861 to take the dorm division qualifying. Jon Wolf G, Gary Montress G, and Jeff Lagarias G were too much for the rest of their division. An end-season surge by Tau Epsilon Phi moved them past BSU 'A' into second place with an 8503 total.

Individual highs were posted

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by Larry Krussel '73, whose 258 game was one of three 250-plus games bowled in the last week. Krussel is a 149 average bowler for EC Wood 5. Another EC kiegler, 'A' team's Lagarias, threw 634 for high series.

The biggest high spot of the season, though, was the success of divisional play. Fewer shutouts were recorded this year, and the lower overall totals reflected more even distribution of winners' bonuses. This pattern will hopefully be continued next year.

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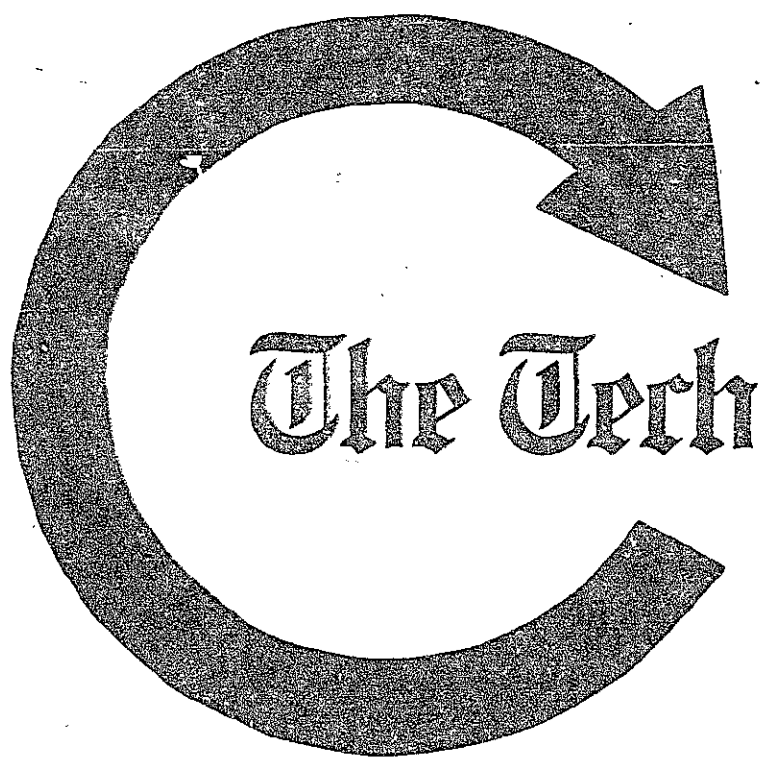
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# SPORTS

## Tech sailors capture Boston Dinghy Cup

MIT's varsity sailors took another step toward a successful spring season, as they came away with two victories and one second place finish in their second weekend of competition this season. Highlighting the weekend's action was the Tech mariners' triumph in the Boston Dinghy Club Cup Regatta, the oldest intercollegiate dinghy event in the country.

Sailed on the Charles River on Saturday and Sunday, the regatta brought together thirteen schools from various parts of the country and promised to be perhaps the biggest event of the spring season, with the exception of the New England Championships to be sailed in May. Several of the teams present are ranked in the top ten nationally, and the competition also featured several of the top schools from the Middle Atlantic and Midwest Districts.

Alan Spoon '73, with Dean Kross '73 crewing, tied for second place honors in A-Division with 62 points with Manton Scott of Tufts. Jon Ford of Stevens Tech won the division.

In Division B, Steve Cucchiaro '74 and Larry Bacow '73, with Bob Longair '73 as crew, co-skipped the Tech entry to low-point laurels for the entire regatta, accumulating 35 points in thirteen races.

After finishing fourth at the end of Saturday's racing, the team came back strong on Sunday to take the Cup with a 97-point score, followed by Stevens, number two-ranked (nationally) Rhode Island, first-ranked Tufts, and third-ranked Yale. The results of the regatta were: MIT 97, Stevens 108, U. Rhode Island 118, Tufts 135, Yale 155, New York Maritime 156, Coast Guard Academy 165, U. Maine/Orono 223, Ohio Wesleyan 239, Harvard 248, Boston University 255, Dartmouth 260, and Northeastern 297.

On Saturday, Frank Keil '73 and Randy Young '74, with Dave Mark '73 and Walter Frank '74 crewing, co-skipped MIT to victory in a Shields (30-foot sloop) regatta at the Coast Guard Academy. Taking two firsts and a second in the three races, the Tech sailors easily bested the teams from Brown and Coast Guard.

Despite a number of boat-handling difficulties in A-Division, Young and John Lacy '72, with Joe Kelly '74 and Rich Zippel '74, respectively, as crew, sailed to second place in a four-school dinghy regatta sailed on Sunday in heavy winds at Coast Guard. Tufts took first, while Coast Guard and Yale placed third and fourth respectively.



The frosh heavyweights started the day off right for Engineer crews, whipping Trinity College last Saturday on the Charles River by three lengths. Coached by Don Saer, they are, left to right, bow

Steve Ananian, Tim Hoops, Tim Higgins, Pete Risbergs, Al Skrinška, Jack VanWoerkom, Karl Lofgren, stroke Jim Gorman and cox Ron Bick. Every MIT crew won by a comfortable margin.

## Crews sink Trinity in brush

By Brad Billetdeaux

Trinity College oarsmen visited MIT waters with a full complement of crews last Saturday and went home to Hartford winless in all categories. Tech's heavyweight varsity and lightweight frosh demonstrated prowess in considerably outclassing Trinity, while the heavy second varsity and freshmen whipped the Bantams by three-length margins.

This was a preseason exhibition brush for the Engineer crews as MIT competes with the best crews in the East in the Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges. Trinity's

regular competition is generally in the second rank of rowing schools.

The heavyweight varsity eight was never headed during the race as the heavies inched ahead on the first stroke of the start and kept on moving away from Trinity the whole race. Stroke and coxswain are both lettermen, namely Dave Burns '72 and Jere Leffler '73, and they worked well together in those positions last year. Four sophomores make up the midsection of the boat, Andy Kernohan, Chuck Davies, Mel Aden and John Miller. Dusty Ordway '73, Larry Esposito and Joe Clift '72 (a former

lightweight) make up the bow of the boat.

The second varsity eight was unusual by the very fact that it existed, as MIT hasn't had a crew in that category in a few years. They weren't nearly as smooth as the varsity but they powered away from Trinity, obviously never in trouble.

The heavy frosh are still having their growing pains sloppy bladework at the release and taking a long time to settle together. They had the toughest race of the day. Trinity jumped out on them in the start, but the Techmen fought even at the 1500 meter mark, pulled out at the 1000 and opened water between the shells amidst the cheers at the Pierce Boathouse. However, as they became sloppier and sloppier, they pulled harder and harder, adding distance to their margin over Trinity. When their technique improves, they'll be a fearsome crew.

Not much can be said of the frosh lightweight race except that MIT's frosh raced Trinity's varsity and they were impressive. At the finish, it appeared as if Trinity was rowing in a later race. The Engineer frosh, cox Craig Reynolds, stroke Kevin Walker, Marc Hannig, Henry Heck, Roger Dulhunty, Paul Clift, Bernard Brooks, James Schretter and bow Ralph Nauman, are extremely well poised for a crew this early in the season. Hopefully they won't peak too early and then fade out for the championships. They are the crew to watch wearing the cardinal and grey this year.



Pretty heads all in a row — otherwise known as a crew coach's dream. The MIT frosh lightweights, alias Walker's Woosies, demonstrated their precision Saturday by slaughtering Trinity's varsity lights.

Photos by S. Hollinger

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Tuesday, April 11, 1972

Second-class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts. The Tech is published twice a week during the college year, except during college vacations, and once during the first week in August, by The Tech, Room W20-483, MIT Student Center, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139. Telephone: Area Code 617 864-6900 extension 2731 or 1541. United States Mail subscription rates: \$5.00 for one year, \$9.00 for two years.